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THE NATURAL THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

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[Novalis, I think, says that one's own thought gains quite infinitely in value as soon as one finds it shared by even one other human being. The saying has proved true, at least, to me. The morning after this paper was read, I received a book, "The genesis of Species, by St. George Mivart, F.R.S." The name of the author demanded all attention and respect; and as I read on, I found him, to my exceeding pleasure, advocating views which I had long held, with a learning and ability to which I have no pretensions. The book will, doubtless, excite much useful criticism and discussion in the scientific world. I hope that it may do the same in the clerical world; and I earnestly beg those clergymen who heard me with so much patience and courtesy at Sion College, to ponder well Mr. Mivart's last chapter, on "Theology and Evolution."]

WHEN I accepted the unexpected and undeserved honour of being allowed to lecture here, the first subject which suggested itself to me was Natural Theology.

It is one which has taken up much of my thought for some years past, which seems to me more and more important,

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and which is just now somewhat forgotten. I therefore determined to say a few words on it to-night. I do not pretend to teach, but only to suggest; to point out certain problems of natural theology, the further solution of which ought, I think, to be soon attempted.

I wish to speak, remember, not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first, I understand what can be learned from the physical universe of man's duty to God and to his neighbour; by the latter, I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible: but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology.

Bishop Butler certainly held this belief. His "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature"—a book for which I entertain the most profound respect—is based on a belief that the God of Nature and the God of Grace are one; and that therefore, the God who satisfies our conscience ought more or less to satisfy our reason also. To teach

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that was Butler's mission, and he fulfilled it well. But it is a mission which has to be re-fulfilled again and again, as human thought changes and human science develops; for if in any age or country the God who seems to be revealed by Nature seems different from the God who is revealed by the then popular religion, then that God, and the religion which tells of that God, will gradually cease to be believed in.

For the demands of Reason (as none knew better than good Bishop Butler) must be and ought to be satisfied. And when a popular war arises between the reason of a generation and its theology, it behoves the ministers of religion to inquire, with all humility and godly fear, on which side lies the fault: whether the theology which they expound is all that it should be, or whether the reason of those who impugn it is all that it should be.

For me, as (I trust) an orthodox priest of the Church of England, I believe the theology of the National Church of England, as by law established, to be eminently rational as well as scriptural. It is not, therefore, surprising to me that the clergy of the Church of England, since the foundation of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; or that the three greatest natural theologians with which I, at least, am acquainted—Berkeley, Butler, and Paley—should have belonged to our Church. I am not unaware of what the Germans of the eighteenth century have done. I consider Goethe's claims to have advanced natural theology very much over-rated: but I do recommend to young clergymen Herder's "Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man" as a book (in spite of certain defects) full of sound and precious wisdom. But it seems to me that English natural theology in the eighteenth century stood more secure than that of any other nation, on the foundation which Berkeley, Butler, and Paley had laid; and that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in their steps, we should

not be deploring now a wide, and as some think increasing, divorce between Science and Christianity.

But it was not so to be. The impulse given by Wesley and Whitfield turned (and not before it was needed) the earnest minds of England almost exclusively to questions of personal religion; and that impulse, under many unexpected forms, has continued ever since. I only state the fact—I do not deplore it; God forbid! Wisdom is justified of all her children, and as, according to the wise American, "it takes all sorts to make a world," so it takes all sorts to make a living Church. But that the religious temper of England for the last two or three generations has been unfavourable to a sound and scientific development of natural theology, there can be no doubt.

We have only, if we need proof, to look at the hymns—many of them very pure, pious, and beautiful—which are used at this day in churches and chapels by persons of every shade of opinion. How often is the tone in which they speak of the natural world one of dissatisfaction, distrust, almost contempt. "Disease, decay, and death around I see," is their key-note, rather than "O all ye works of the Lord, bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him together." There lingers about them a savour of the old monastic theory, that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin-haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe for man. An age which has adopted as its most popular hymn a paraphrase of the mediæval monk's "*Hic breve vivitur*," and in which stalwart public-school boys are bidden in their chapel worship to tell the Almighty God of Truth that they lie awake weeping at night for joy at the thought that they will die and see Jerusalem the Golden, is doubtless a pious and devout age: but not—at least as yet—an age in which natural theology is likely to attain a high, a healthy, or a scriptural development.

Not a scriptural development. Let me press on you, my clerical brethren, most earnestly this one point. It is time

that we should make up our minds what tone Scripture does take toward Nature, natural science, natural theology. Most of you, I doubt not, have made up your minds already, and in consequence have no fear of natural science, no fear for natural theology. But I cannot deny that I find still lingering here and there certain of the old views of nature of which I used to hear but too much here in London some five-and-thirty years ago—not from my own father, thank God! for he, to his honour, was one of those few London clergy who then faced and defended advanced physical science—but from others—better men too than I shall ever hope to be—who used to consider natural theology as useless, fallacious, impossible, on the ground that this Earth did not reveal the will and character of God, because it was cursed and fallen; and that its facts, in consequence, were not to be respected or relied on. This, I was told, was the doctrine of Scripture, and was therefore true. But when, longing to reconcile my conscience and my reason on a question so awful to a young student of natural science, I went to my Bible, what did I find? No word of all this. Much—thank God, I may say one continuous undercurrent—of the very opposite of all this. I pray you bear with me, even though I may seem impertinent. But what do we find in the Bible, with the exception of that first curse? That, remember, cannot mean any alteration in the laws of nature by which man's labour should only produce for him henceforth thorns and thistles. For, in the first place, any such curse is formally abrogated in the eighth chapter and 21st verse of the very same document—"I will not again curse the earth any more for man's sake. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." And next, the fact is not so; for if you root up the thorns and thistles, and keep your land clean, then assuredly you will grow fruit-trees and not thorns, wheat and not thistles, according to those laws of Nature which are the voice of God expressed in facts.

And yet the words are true. There is a curse upon the earth, though not one which, by altering the laws of nature, has made natural facts untrustworthy. There is a curse on the earth; such a curse as is expressed, I believe, in the old Hebrew text, where the word "*adamah*" (correctly translated in our version "the ground") signifies, as I am told, not this planet, but simply the soil from whence we get our food; such a curse as certainly is expressed by the Septuagint and the Vulgate versions: "Cursed is the earth"—*ἐν τοῖς ἔργοις σου*; "in opere tuo," as the Vulgate has it—"in thy works." Man's work is too often the curse of the very planet which he misuses. None should know that better than the botanist, who sees whole regions desolate, and given up to sterility and literal thorns and thistles, on account of man's sin and folly, ignorance and greedy waste. Well said that veteran botanist, the venerable Elias Fries, of Lund:—

"A broad band of waste land follows gradually in the steps of cultivation. If it expands, its centre and its cradle dies, and on the outer borders only do we find green shoots. But it is not impossible, only difficult, for man, without renouncing the advantage of culture itself, one day to make reparation for the injury which he has inflicted: he is appointed lord of creation. True it is that thorns and thistles, ill-favoured and poisonous plants, well named by botanists rubbish plants, mark the track which man has proudly traversed through the earth. Before him lay original Nature in her wild but sublime beauty. Behind him he leaves the desert, a deformed and ruined land; for childish desire of destruction, or thoughtless squandering of vegetable treasures, has destroyed the character of nature; and, terrified, man himself flies from the arena of his actions, leaving the impoverished earth to barbarous races or to animals, so long as yet another spot in virgin beauty smiles before him. Here again, in selfish pursuit of profit, and consciously or unconsciously following the abominable principle of the great moral vileness

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which one man has expressed—'Après nous le Déluge,'—he begins anew the work of destruction. Thus did cultivation, driven out, leave the East, and perhaps the deserts formerly robbed of their coverings; like the wild hordes of old over beautiful Greece, thus rolls this conquest with fearful rapidity from East to West through America; and the planter now often leaves the already exhausted land, and the eastern climate, become infertile through the demolition of the forests, to introduce a similar revolution into the Far West."¹

As we proceed, we find nothing in the general tone of Scripture which can hinder our natural theology being at once scriptural and scientific.

If it is to be scientific, it must begin by approaching Nature at once with a cheerful and reverent spirit, as a noble, healthy, and trustworthy thing: and what is that, save the spirit of those who wrote the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms—the spirit, too, of him who wrote that Song of the Three Children, which is, as it were, the flower and crown of the Old Testament, the summing up of all that is most true and eternal in the old Jewish faith; and which, as long as it is sung in our churches, is the charter and title-deed of all Christian students of those works of the Lord, which it calls on to bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever?

What next will be demanded of us by physical science? Belief, certainly, just now, in the permanence of natural laws. Why, that is taken for granted, I hold, throughout the Bible. I cannot see how our Lord's parables, drawn from the birds and the flowers, the seasons and the weather, have any logical weight, or can be considered as aught but capricious and fanciful illustrations—which God forbid—unless we look at them as instances of laws of the natural world, which find their analogues in the laws of the spiritual world, the kingdom of God. I cannot conceive a man's writing that 104th Psalm who had not the most deep, the most earnest sense of the per-

manence of natural law. But more: the fact is expressly asserted again and again. "They continue this day according to Thine ordinance, for all things serve Thee." "Thou hast made them fast for ever and ever. Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken."

Let us pass on, gentlemen. There is no more to be said about this matter.

But next, it will be demanded of us that natural theology shall set forth a God whose character is consistent with all the facts of nature, and not only with those which are pleasant and beautiful. That challenge was accepted, and I think victoriously, by Bishop Butler, as far as the Christian religion is concerned. As far as the Scripture is concerned, we may answer thus.

It is said to us—I know that it is said—You tell us of a God of love, a God of flowers and sunshine, of singing birds and little children. But there are more facts in nature than these. There is premature death, pestilence, famine. And if you answer, Man has control over these; they are caused by man's ignorance and sin, and by his breaking of natural laws: what will you make of those destructive powers over which he has no control; of the hurricane and the earthquake; of poisons, vegetable and mineral; of those parasitic Entozoa whose awful abundance, and awful destructiveness in man and beast, science is just revealing—a new page of danger and loathsomeness? How does that suit your conception of a God of love?

We can answer—Whether or not it suits our conception of a God of love, it suits Scripture's conception of Him. For nothing is more clear—nay, is it not urged again and again, as a blot on Scripture?—that it reveals a God not merely of love, but of sternness—a God in whose eyes physical pain is not the worst of evils, nor animal life too often miscalled human life) the most precious of objects—a God who destroys, when it seems fit to Him, and that wholesale, and seemingly without either pity or discrimination, man, woman and child, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children,

¹ Quoted from Schleiden's "The Plant, a Biography." Lecture XI. *in fine*.

making the land empty and bare, and destroying from off it man and beast? This is the God of the Old Testament. And if any say (as is too often rashly said), This is not the God of the New: I answer, But have you read your New Testament? Have you read the latter chapters of St. Matthew? Have you read the opening of the Epistle to the Romans? Have you read the Book of Revelations? If so, will you say that the God of the New Testament is, compared with the God of the Old, less awful, less destructive, and therefore less like the Being—granting always that there is such a Being—who presides over Nature and her destructive powers? It is an awful problem. But the writers of the Bible have faced it valiantly. Physical science is facing it valiantly now. Therefore natural theology may face it likewise. Remember Carlyle's great words about poor Francesca in the *Inferno*: "Infinite pity: yet also infinite rigour of law. It is so Nature is made. It is so Dante discerned that she was made."

There are two other points on which I must beg leave to say a few words. Physical science will demand of our natural theologians that they should be aware of their importance, and let (as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say) their thoughts play freely round them. I mean questions of Embryology, and questions of Race.

On the first there may be much to be said, which is, for the present, best left unsaid, even here. I only ask you to recollect how often in Scripture those two plain old words, *beget* and *bring forth*, occur, and in what important passages. And I ask you to remember that marvellous essay on *Natural Theology*, if I may so call it in all reverence, the 139th Psalm; and judge for yourself whether he who wrote that did not consider the study of Embryology as important, as significant, as worthy of his deepest attention as an Owen, a Huxley, or a Darwin. Nay, I will go further still, and say, that in those great words—"Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book

all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them,"—in those words, I say, the Psalmist has anticipated that realistic view of embryological questions to which our most modern philosophers are, it seems to me, slowly, half unconsciously, but still inevitably, returning.

Next, as to Race. Some persons now have a nervous fear of that word, and of allowing any importance to difference of races. Some dislike it, because they think that it endangers the modern notions of democratic equality. Others because they fear that it may be proved that the negro is not a man and a brother. I think the fears of both parties groundless. As for the negro, I not only believe him to be of the same race as myself, but that—if Mr. Darwin's theories are true—science has proved that he must be such. I should have thought, as a humble student of such questions, that the one fact of the unique distribution of the hair in all races of human beings, was full moral proof that they had all had one common ancestor. But this is not matter of natural theology. What is matter thereof, is this.

Physical science is proving more and more the immense importance of Race; the importance of hereditary powers, hereditary organs, hereditary habits, in all organized beings, from the lowest plant to the highest animal. She is proving more and more the omnipresent action of the differences between races: how the more favoured race (she cannot avoid using the epithet) exterminates the less favoured, or at least expels it, and forces it, under penalty of death, to adapt itself to new circumstances; and, in a word, that competition between every race and every individual of that race, and reward according to deserts, is (as far as we can see) an universal law of living things. And she says—for the facts of history prove it—that as it is among the races of plants and animals, so it has been unto this day among the races of men.

The natural theology of the future must take count of these tremendous

and even painful facts: and she may take count of them. For Scripture has taken count of them already. It talks continually—it has been blamed for talking so much—of races, of families; of their wars, their struggles, their exterminations; of races favoured, of races rejected; of remnants being saved, to continue the race; of hereditary tendencies, hereditary excellencies, hereditary guilt. Its sense of the reality and importance of descent is so intense, that it speaks of a whole tribe or a whole family by the name of its common ancestor, and the whole nation of the Jews is Israel, to the end. And if I be told this is true of the Old Testament, but not of the New, I must answer, What? Does not St. Paul hold the identity of the whole Jewish race with Israel their forefather, as strongly as any prophet of the Old Testament? And what is the central historic fact, save One, of the New Testament, but the conquest of Jerusalem—the dispersion, all but destruction of a race, not by miracle, but by invasion, because found wanting when weighed in the stern balances of natural and social law?

Gentlemen, think of this. I only suggest the thought; but I do not suggest it in haste. Think over it—by the light which our Lord's parables, His analogies between the physical and social constitution of the world, afford—and consider whether those awful words, fulfilled then and fulfilled so often since—"The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits hereof"—may not be the supreme instance, the most complex development, of a law which runs through all created things, down to the moss which struggles for existence on the rock?

Do I say that this is all? That man is merely a part of Nature, the puppet of circumstances and hereditary tendencies? That brute competition is the one law of his life? That he is doomed for ever to be the slave of his own needs, enforced by an internecine struggle for existence? God forbid. I believe not only in Nature, but in Grace. I believe

that this is man's fate only as long as he sows to the flesh, and of the flesh reaps corruption. I believe that if he will

"strive upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die;"

if he will be even as wise as the social animals; as the ant and the bee, who have risen, if not to the virtue of all-embracing charity, at least to the virtues of self-sacrifice and patriotism,¹ then he will rise towards a higher sphere; toward that kingdom of God of which it is written, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Whether that be matter of natural theology, I cannot tell as yet. But as for all the former questions—all that St. Paul means when he talks of the law, and how the works of the flesh bring men under the law, stern and terrible and destructive, though holy and just

¹ I am well aware what a serious question is opened up in these words. The fact that the great majority of workers among the social insects are barren females or nuns, devoting themselves to the care of other individuals' offspring, by an act of self-sacrifice, and that by means of that self-sacrifice these communities grow large and prosperous, ought to be well weighed just now; both by those who hold that morality has been evolved from perceptions of what was useful or pleasurable, and by those who hold as I do that morality is one, immutable and eternal. Those who take the former view (confounding, as Mr. Mivart well points out, "material" and "formal" morality) have no difficulty in tracing the germs of the highest human morality in animals; for self-interest is, in their eyes, the ultimate ground of morality, and the average animal is utterly selfish. But certain animals perform acts, as in the case of working bees and ants, and (as I hold) in the case of mothers working for and protecting their offspring, which at least seem formally moral; because they seem founded on self-sacrifice. I am well aware, I say again, of the very serious admissions which we clergymen should have to make, if we confessed that these acts really are that which they seem to be. But I do not see why we should not be as just to an ant as to a human being; I am ready, with Socrates, to follow the *Logos* whithersoever it leads; and I hope that Mr. Mivart will reconsider the two latter paragraphs of p. 196, and let his "thoughts play freely" round this curious subject. Perhaps, in so doing, he may lay his hand on an even sharper weapon than those which he has already used against the sensationalist theory of morals.

and good,—they are matter of natural theology; and I believe that on them, as elsewhere, Scripture and science will be ultimately found to coincide.

But here we have to face an objection which you will often hear now from scientific men, and still oftener from non-scientific men; who will say—It matters not to us whether Scripture contradicts or does not contradict a scientific natural theology; for we hold such a science to be impossible and naught. The old Jews put a God into Nature, and therefore of course they could see, as you see, what they had already put there. But we see no God in Nature. We do not deny the existence of a God; we merely say that scientific research does not reveal him to us. We see no marks of design in physical phenomena. What used to be considered as marks of design can be better explained by considering them as the results of evolution according to necessary laws; and you and Scripture make a mere assumption when you ascribe them to the operation of a mind like the human mind.

Now, on this point I believe we may answer fearlessly—If you cannot see it we cannot help you. If the heavens do not declare to you the glory of God, nor the firmament show you His handy-work, then our poor arguments about them will not show it. "The eye can only see that which it brings with it the power of seeing." We can only reassert that we see design everywhere, and that the vast majority of the human race in every age and clime has seen it. Analogy from experience, sound induction (as we hold) from the works not only of men but of animals, has made it an all but self-evident truth to us, that wherever there is arrangement, there must be an arranger; wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there must be an adapter; wherever an organization, there must be an organizer. The existence of a designing God is no more demonstrable from Nature than the existence of other human beings independent of ourselves, or, indeed, the existence of our own bodies. But, like the belief in them, the belief in

Him has become an article of our common sense. And that this designing mind is, in some respects, similar to the human mind, is proved to us (as Sir John Herschel well puts it) by the mere fact that we can discover and comprehend the processes of Nature.

But here again, if we be contradicted, we can only reassert. If the old words, "He that made the eye, shall he not see? he that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" do not at once commend themselves to the intellect of any person, we shall never convince that person by any arguments drawn from the absurdity of conceiving the invention of optics by a blind race, or of music by a deaf one.

So we will assert our own old-fashioned notion boldly; and more: we will say, in spite of ridicule, that if such a God exists, final causes must exist also. That the whole universe must be one chain of final causes. That if there be a Supreme Reason, he must have a reason, and that a good reason, for every physical phenomenon.

We will tell the modern scientific man—You are nervously afraid of the mention of final causes. You quote against them Bacon's saying, that they are barren virgins; that no physical fact was ever discovered or explained by them. You are right as far as regards yourselves; you have no business with final causes, because final causes are moral causes, and you are physical students only. We, the natural theologians, have business with them. Your duty is to find out the *How* of things; ours, to find out the *Why*. If you rejoin that we shall never find out the *Why*, unless we first learn something of the *How*, we shall not deny that. It may be most useful, I had almost said necessary, that the clergy should have some scientific training. It may be most useful, I sometimes dream of a day when it will be considered necessary, that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. But our having learnt the *How*, will not make it needless, much less impos-

sible, for us to study the Why. It will merely make more clear to us the things of which we have to study the Why; and enable us to keep the How and the Why more religiously apart from each other.

But if it be said, After all, there is no Why: the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes,—let us answer, boldly, Not in the least. We might accept all that Mr. Darwin, all that Professor Huxley, has so learnedly and so acutely written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do.

Let me press this thought earnestly on you. I know that many wiser and better men than I have fears on this point. I cannot share in them.

All, it seems to me, that the new doctrines of evolution demand is this. We all agree, for the fact is patent, that our own bodies, and indeed the body of every living creature, are evolved from a seemingly simple germ by natural laws, without visible action of any designing will or mind, into the full organization of a human or other creature. Yet we do not say, on that account—God did not create me: I only grew. We hold in this case to our old idea, and say—If there be evolution, there must be an evolver. Now the new physical theories only ask us, it seems to me, to extend this conception to the whole universe: to believe that not individuals merely, but whole varieties and races, the total organized life on this planet, and it may be the total organization of the universe, have been evolved just as our bodies are, by natural laws acting through circumstance. This may be true, or may be false. But all its truth can do to the natural theologian will be to make him believe that the Creator bears the same relation to the whole universe as that Creator undeniably bears to every individual human body.

I entreat you to weigh these words,

which have not been written in haste; and I entreat you also, if you wish to see how little the new theory, that species may have been gradually created by variation, natural selection, and so forth, interferes with the old theory of design, contrivance, and adaptation, nay, with the fullest admission of benevolent final causes—I entreat you, I say, to study Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids"—a book which (whether his main theory be true or not) will still remain a most valuable addition to natural theology.

For suppose, gentlemen, that all the species of Orchids, and not only they, but their congeners—the Gingers, the Arrowroots, the Bananas—are all the descendants of one original form, which was most probably nearly allied to the Snowdrop and the Iris. What then? Would that be one whit more wonderful, more unworthy of the wisdom and power of God, than if they were, as most believe, created each and all at once, with their minute and often imaginary shades of difference? What would the natural theologian have to say, were the first theory true, save that God's works are even more wonderful than he always believed them to be? As for the theory being impossible: we must leave the discussion of that to physical students. It is not for us clergymen to limit the power of God. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" asked the prophet of old: and we have a right to ask it as long as time shall last. If it be said that natural selection is too simple a cause to produce such fantastic variety: that, again, is a question to be settled exclusively by physical students. All we have to say on the matter is, that we always knew that God works by very simple, or seemingly simple, means; that the whole universe, as far as we could discern it, was one concatenation of the most simple means; that it was wonderful, yea, miraculous, in our eyes, that a child should resemble its parents, that the raindrops should make the grass grow, that the grass should become flesh, and the flesh sustenance for the thinking brain of man. Ought God to seem less

or more august in our eyes, when we are told that His means are even more simple than we supposed? We held him to be Almighty and Allwise. Are we to reverence Him less or more, if we hear that His might is greater, His wisdom deeper, than we ever dreamed? We believed that His care was over all His works; that His Providence watched perpetually over the whole universe. We were taught—some of us at least—by Holy Scripture, to believe that the whole history of the universe was made up of special Providences. If, then, that should be true which Mr. Darwin writes—“It may be metaphorically said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up that which is good, silently and incessantly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers at the improvement of every organic being,”—if that, I say, were proven to be true, ought God’s care and God’s providence to seem less or more magnificent in our eyes? Of old it was said by Him without whom nothing is made, “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.” Shall we quarrel with Science if she should show how those words are true? What, in one word, should we have to say but this?—We knew of old that God was so wise that He could make all things: but behold, He is so much wiser than even that, that He can make all things make themselves.

But it may be said—These notions are contrary to Scripture. I must beg very humbly, but very firmly, to demur to that opinion. Scripture says that God created. But it nowhere defines that term. The means, the How of Creation, is nowhere specified. Scripture, again, says that organized beings were produced each according to their kind. But it nowhere defines that term. What a kind includes, whether it includes or not the capacity of varying (which is just the question in point), is nowhere specified. And I think it a most important rule in scriptural exegesis, to be most cautious as to

limiting the meaning of any term which Scripture itself has not limited, lest we find ourselves putting into the teaching of Scripture our own human theories or prejudices. And consider, Is not man a kind? And has not mankind varied, physically, intellectually, spiritually? Is not the Bible, from beginning to end, a history of the variations of mankind, for worse or for better, from their original type?

Let us rather look with calmness, and even with hope and goodwill, on these new theories; for, correct or incorrect, they surely mark a tendency toward a more, not a less, scriptural view of Nature. Are they not attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to escape from that shallow mechanical notion of the universe and its Creator which was too much in vogue in the eighteenth century among divines as well as philosophers; the theory which Goethe (to do him justice), and after him Mr. Thomas Carlyle, have treated with such noble scorn; the theory, I mean, that God has wound up the universe like a clock, and left it to tick by itself till it runs down, never troubling Himself with it, save possibly—for even that was only half believed—by rare miraculous interferences with the laws which He Himself had made? Out of that chilling dream of a dead universe ungoverned by an absent God, the human mind, in Germany especially, tried during the early part of this century to escape by strange roads; roads by which there was no escape, because they were not laid down on the firm ground of scientific facts. Then, in despair, men turned to the facts which they had neglected, and said, We are weary of philosophy: we will study you, and you alone. As for God, who can find Him? And they have worked at the facts like gallant and honest men; and their work, like all good work, has produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they even dreamed. But what are they finding, more and more, below their facts, below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show? A something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipre-

sent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper, the deeper they delve: namely, the life which shapes and makes—that which the old-school men called “*forma formativa*,” which they call vital force and what not—metaphors all, or rather counters to mark an unknown quantity, as if they should call it *x* or *y*. One says—It is all vibrations; but his reason, unsatisfied, asks—And what makes the vibrations vibrate? Another—It is all physiological units; but his reason asks, What is the “*physis*,” the nature and “innate tendency” of the units? A third—It may be all caused by infinitely numerous “*gemmales*,” but his reason asks him, What puts infinite order into these gemmales, instead of infinite anarchy? I mention these theories not to laugh at them. No man has a deeper respect for those who have put them forth. Nor would it interfere with my theological creed, if any or all of them were proven to be true to-morrow. I mention them only to show that beneath all these theories—true or false—still lies the unknown *x*. Scientific men are becoming more and more aware of it; I had almost said, ready to worship it. More and more the noblest-minded of them are engrossed by the mystery of that unknown and truly miraculous element in Nature, which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it. How should they escape it? Was it not written of old—“Whither shall I go from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?”

Ah that we clergy would summon up courage to tell them that! Courage to tell them—what need not hamper for a moment the freedom of their investigations, what will add to them a sanction, I may say a sanctity—that the unknown *x* which lies below all phenomena, which is for ever at work on all phenomena, on the whole and on every part of the whole, down to the colouring of every leaf and the curdling of every cell of protoplasm, is none other than that which the old Hebrews called—(by a metaphor, no doubt—for how can man speak of the unseen, save in meta-

phors drawn from the seen?—but by the only metaphor adequate to express the perpetual and omnipresent miracle)—The Breath of God; The Spirit who is The Lord and Giver of Life.

In the rest, gentlemen, let us think, and let us observe. For if we are ignorant, not merely of the results of experimental science, but of the methods thereof, then we and the men of science shall have no common ground whereon to stretch out kindly hands to each other.

But let us have patience and faith; and not suppose in haste, that when those hands are stretched out it will be needful for us to leave our standing-ground, or to cast ourselves down from the pinnacle of the temple to earn popularity; above all, from earnest students who are too high-minded to care for popularity themselves.

True, if we have an intelligent belief in those Creeds and those Scriptures which are committed to our keeping, then our philosophy cannot be that which is just now in vogue. But all we have to do, I believe, is to wait. Nominalism, and that “*Sensationalism*” which has sprung from nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort: after which the whirligig of Time may bring round its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn. Only wait. When a grave, able, and authoritative philosopher explains a mother's love of her newborn babe, as Professor Bain has done, in a really eloquent passage of his book on the “*Emotions and the Will*,”¹ then the end of that philosophy is very near: and an older, simpler, more human, and, as I hold, more philosophic explanation of that natural phenomenon, and of all others, may get a hearing.

Only wait: and fret not yourselves, else shall you be moved to do evil. Remember the saying of the wise man—“Go not after the world. She turns on her axis; and if thou stand still long enough, she will turn round to thee.”

¹ Second edition, pp. 78, 79.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XI.

PLEADING.

MR. BRIGHT's impatience had become unbearable during his two days' absence from home; and on Monday morning he drove towards Ashton in a state of mind hard to describe, it was so full of contradiction.

He was curious to see his cousin's friend, and he must of course seek him out; but Will felt unwilling to make Mr. Whitmore's acquaintance.

He longed to see Nuna; but in spite of his impatience he could not decide whether he should at once pour out his love to her, or wait until this dangerous rival was safely off the ground.

Will knew that he was inferior to Nuna; but he felt such reliance on the strength of his love, that it seemed to him she must in the end yield to its influence.

"Nuna will love with all her heart," he thought. "I shall never forget her when her sister died; why, she has never got back her spirits since."

There was a short way to Ashton across the common in front of Roger Westropp's cottage, and on through Carving's Wood Lane, but it was a way not often taken because of the sharp pitch in the lane above.

The shortest way suited best with Will's mood; and he drove across the common and into the road which led across it from the lane.

He thought he saw figures in front of Roger Westropp's cottage; but the black horse knew his road, and went at such a pace that in a moment the scene was clear to Will.

Patty Westropp stood just within the cottage-porch, and bending over her, with his arm clasped round her, was a gentleman, a stranger to Will,

and yet, he felt certain, the very person he had come in search of.

Men who are their own masters early are apt to be either very rigid or very lax in their notions of propriety. Will had prided himself on the example he set to his tenants and farm-labourers. He would as soon have thought of joking with Patty as with one of his mother's maid-servants. This sight was too much for him; he sat stupefied, and before he had recovered from the shock of his surprise, the black horse had carried him on past the angle of the lane to the chequered rise above.

"How utterly disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "A steady, respectable girl; a pet of Nuna's too."

And then he remembered that this daring transgressor of rural proprieties had doubtless spent yesterday at the Rectory; had talked to Nuna herself. There was profanation in the thought!

He drove rapidly on. The lane had never seemed so long before. He drew up at last at "The Bladebone."

"I may be mistaken after all," he thought; "there may be another stranger in Ashton. I may find Mr. Whitmore waiting for me here."

Dennis and his wife appeared at the door together.

Will had a high opinion of the landlady; and she approved of him in some ways, though, as Dennis said, "If an angel was to come into Ashton, wings and all, Kitty would be safe to find goose-feathers in 'em."

And on one or two occasions Mrs. Fagg had pronounced Mr. Bright "a pragmatical prig, only fit to live in a teacup."

Will nodded to the pair as they greeted his approach.

"Is Mr. Whitmore in?"

Dennis opened his eyes and mouth; but his wife answered before he could get a word out:

"That's our lodger"—this to Dennis in a quick aside; then louder, "Mr. Whitmore's out, sir—been out some hours."

"Ah! I wonder if I met him; a tall, dark man, in a grey suit, with a felt hat of the same colour?"

Mrs. Fagg nodded.

"That's him, sir; he's a gentleman you couldn't easily mistake. Why, I believe he's taller than you, sir; looks so perhaps, because he's not so wide-chested. Will you leave any message, sir?"

Will hesitated. After all, what business was it of his? The man might not be a gentleman spite of his looks, and Patty might be the sort of girl likely to attract him.

"I'll leave the trap here, Dennis, and go on to the Rectory; perhaps Mr. Whitmore will be in by the time I come back."

A sense of relief had come with his last reflections. He went on fast to the Rectory. A servant was coming downstairs.

"The Rector's engaged, sir, in his study; will you walk this way?" She threw open the dining-room door, and there sat Nuna drawing.

Will saw that she blushed, and that there was an unusual flutter about her as he came in; both these signs gave him hope.

"I'm sorry you can't see Papa," she said; "I'm afraid he will be busy all the morning. Some business of old Roger's is worrying him to-day."

Will did not answer; he was thinking how to begin on his own business. If Nuna had continued to blush it would have been easy, but she was unconscious and natural again.

"When is Mrs. Bright coming to see me, Will? I want her for a whole long day. You must tell her my Spanish hens thrive famously, and I have two of the dearest little kittens."

"I thought you disliked cats?"

"Ah, but not kittens, they are such graceful little pets; and, Will, I don't believe there ever were such pretty ones as these. Your friend, yesterday, was delighted with them."

It seemed to Will that Nuna was

blushing again. He thought of the scene in the cottage-porch, and a sudden most unwarrantable fit of wrath took possession of him.

"My friend?" He reddened, but Nuna was not looking at him. "I suppose you mean Mr. Whitmore; he's no friend of mine; he's a stranger sent down here by my cousin Stephen. It was very kind of your father to invite him, but I wish Stephen would not put me in such a position."

Nuna did look at him now, and she laughed at the vexation on his honest face. No use for Will Bright to try concealment, his feelings were as legible as if he had printed them.

"What do you mean, Will? Why, Papa said this morning that he quite envied you the privilege of Mr. Whitmore's society. You can't think how delightful he is."

"Delightful is he?" Will spoke very much like an angry schoolboy. "Pray what is there so delightful in him? I don't think him particularly handsome, I can tell you."

"Handsome! you silly old Will; why, he's much better than handsome, he's distinguished-looking; and besides, he looks like a genius."

If he had been less angry, Will might have noticed that Nuna had gone back to the old terms of their friendship. She spoke far more intimately than she ever had done since Mary's death.

"Genius! what's that? Something that's as poor as a rat, and not quite respectable; that's my experience of a genius, Nuna. In London poor Stephen is thought a genius among his own set. Genius! If you had wanted to set me quite against this Mr. Whitmore, you could not have chosen a better word."

Nuna drew her chair up to the table, took her crayon, and went on with her drawing.

"Poor Will! how boorish he is! how different to Mr. Whitmore!" But though she thought Mr. Bright rude, she was too easy-tempered to be vexed. "How can he know better, poor fellow?" she thought. "I believe he's always about his farm talking to his men; association

must tell upon all of us." A sentiment sadly at variance with the democratic notions with which Miss Beaufort occasionally shocked her father's prejudices.

She looked so pretty, bending gracefully over her drawing, with a bright earnestness in her eyes. Will could have gone down on his knees and worshipped her. He was heartily ashamed of himself already; and yet, as his mind was only half relieved of its burden, he could not feel at ease.

He drew his chair nearer.

"Don't be angry with me; you know what a rough fellow I am, you do, don't you, Nuna?"

He bent his head forward till it nearly touched hers.

Nuna was so used to blame, that it seemed too much for any one to ask pardon of her. Will's humility touched her warm, sensitive nature, and brought tears to her eyes.

She put her hand frankly into his huge grasp, and smiled—it seemed to Will with such heavenly sweetness, that if he had not just offended he must have taken her to his heart at once, she looked such a darling.

"Ah, Will! But indeed I'm sure you will like Mr. Whitmore; he has been in Italy, and in so many other countries, and he has read and observed so much, it makes one feel horribly ignorant to listen to him."

"Really! I don't find any pleasure in being made to feel horribly ignorant."

Nuna looked up thoughtfully. Hitherto with Will she had been conscious of his goodness and his kind friendliness. Her father called him clever, and she had taken him on trust. Nuna thought men must be more clever than women, unless they were like Dennis Fagg, and even he was a great politician; but something in Will's last sentence put her wandering thoughts into a more concrete form than usual.

"Don't you really?" she said at last. "But then, unless one feels one's ignorance, one would rest content in it. Don't you think when one sees a remarkable person, such a person as—as Mr. Whitmore for instance, it acts like

a spur, and rouses one for weeks afterwards? Why, I have worked just double to-day at my drawing. He knows the original of this old cast, and his talk about it has thrown such an interest into the subject."

Will sat gnashing his teeth in silent anger.

"He," "his," he said to himself, but he sat dumb.

Nuna went on with her drawing.

"I'm afraid I could never agree with you about him," Will said at last; he tried to speak calmly: "what you say would give me the idea of a highly-refined man, and Mr. Whitmore is not that by any means."

A flush came in Nuna's face, not at his manner this time, but at his words.

"How can you say that? Just now you told me you knew nothing about Mr. Whitmore."

Will hesitated. He could not tell Nuna what he had seen, and yet he must warn her against her exaggerated notions.

"I have not spoken to Mr. Whitmore, but from what I know about him I'm quite sure, Nuna, he is not a fit companion for you."

Nuna's eyes sparkled; she flushed crimson, and sat very upright.

"I don't understand you. Papa is the best judge of that, I think. I will go and find out how soon he will be at liberty to see you."

It was so new to see Nuna downright angry, that her lover sat confounded; he did not know what to do or say. But by the time she reached the door, passion had overcome fear, and he was beside her, grasping her arm.

"Nuna, darling, don't go away, don't be angry, there's a sweet darling. I've been vexing you with a heap of folly and nonsense all this time, just because I couldn't get the words out I came to say; but you'll forgive me, darling, won't you? Don't be angry with me, you sweet, gentle girl. Say you're not angry, Nuna."

He put his strong arm round her as he ended, and drew her close to him.

Nuna freed herself as soon as she could; then she drew a deep breath.

"O Will, how could you? You frightened me."

It was a very unsatisfactory speech, but there was no rejection in it; and when once Will had put his hand to anything, he was not likely to turn back.

"I beg your pardon; I'm so rough, such a vehement fellow; you knew that, darling, in the old days; but you'll forgive me, won't you?" He took her hand, but she tried to pull it away. "Why, Nuna, you're not really angry?"

The door opened, and Jane appeared.

"The dressmaker, if you please, Miss. She's in the spare room."

Nuna was hurrying after Jane, but Will stepped before her; he shut the door and set his back against it.

"Wait just a minute, won't you? You shan't go like this," he said, passionately. "I love you, Nuna! I have loved you all my life; give me a little hope, Nuna! I know I've blundered this morning, but—" he stopped and looked at her pale, wondering face.

"Nuna, darling, look me out of your dear eyes just one minute. Try and see if you can't feel what I'm feeling; I'm almost mad now." His voice got hoarse and choked as he went on. "I'll be worse if you tell me there's no chance. For God's sake don't tell me so; tell me to wait. I'll wait any time you like. Stop, Nuna," for she again shook her head sadly, "think how I've been hoping on for years; think how long I've loved you! Tell me, was there a chance for me before this cursed meddling Londoner came?" He spoke sternly, and anger flashed in Nuna's eyes. "There, I've ruined myself now, I see. O Nuna, Nuna! will you go away like this from me, when I love you as I do?"

The anger in her face softened.

"I don't know what to say to you. O Will, why have you done this? Why don't you go on being friends, as we used to be? You have made it all so uncomfortable."

"We can never again be as we used to be," he said, sadly. "You don't know what love means, Nuna; you don't un-

derstand your own feelings yet; if they are free, you must in the end feel some love for me." She looked impatiently at the door. The unquiet tumult he had raised deadened her pity for him. "Yes, you shall go," he said, bitterly; "I see I only torment and vex you; you can't bear the sight of me."

He had his hand on the door ready to open it; but Nuna melted. There was nothing hard in her at this epoch of her life. She held out her hand to Will.

"Do let us be friends," she said gently; "I believe I have not behaved as you had a right to expect. I mean," she spoke quickly, to check the hope she saw rising in his face, "I ought to have thanked you for what you told me; and indeed I am grateful to you, and I'm sorry too. You do forgive me, don't you?" She held out her hand.

Will clasped it close, and then kissed it so passionately that Nuna drew it away, frightened out of all her sympathy by the vehement behaviour of her lover.

She ran upstairs, and hurried along the gallery to her own room; but when she reached it, she remembered Miss Coppock.

"I suppose I must not keep her waiting," she said, dolefully. She did so long to be alone. She was afraid of herself, and of this new trouble that was tugging at her heart as if it never meant to let rest come there again.

"If I had stayed with Will, would he have persuaded me to say I loved him?" she stood thinking. "Oh, no, that masterful way of Will's is just what gives me courage. I don't think I would be driven to do anything, even if I liked it, and——" She broke off here, and again remembered Miss Coppock.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE GRAVE.

THE first thought that came to Patty when she waked was that she had forgotten the Rector's message.

Roger looked confounded when he heard it.

"It's always so," he said to himself; "so sure as a bone falls to one's share, so sure some hungry dog snaps it up and runs off with it. Now here'll be my brother Watty turning up again, a beggar, or worse, and I'll be called on to set him straight. I won't," he said, doggedly; "let him stay in Australia and do the best he can. Grandmother Wood left the money to the child, not to me. I disapproved of that, but now I see a use in it; it's not mine to spend."

Patty was milking her cows, and Roger knew there was no use in presenting himself in the Rector's study before nine o'clock. It was fretful work meantime with him; it did seem hard that after so much toiling and mowing, and never taking so much as a day's pleasure out of his earnings, he should be called on to part with them for one who had never toiled, except to please himself.

His younger brother Walter had been a wild, careless youth, left dependent on Roger; and folks had said that if Walter Westropp had met with less harsh and niggardly treatment in boyhood he might not have been thrown among the associates who led him astray. Walter got into mischief, and to save exposure, Roger paid his brother's passage out to Australia; once since, at the urgent entreaty of his wife, he had sent a few pounds to the young prodigal, when Watty had represented himself as sorely in need of help. This was all that had passed between the brothers, but till she died Mrs. Westropp kept up a correspondence with her young brother-in-law, and Patty had cherished visions of the return of this long lost uncle with a nugget of Australian gold. Roger knew better than that, or thought he did. Watty was a scamp and a disgrace, and would never be anything else—this was Roger's version of his family history.

Patty told her father how the Rector had answered her question as to whether the news came from Australia, and it seemed to Roger conclusive that the tidings did concern Watty, but that he was in England.

He pushed his breakfast away; anxiety

was the only food he could digest this morning. Till it was time to begin work at the Rectory, Roger worked in his own garden, but this morning he sat indoors thinking. He struck his hand hard on the table as he rose up from it.

"Watty shall go to the Union. Patty's idle enough as it is; she'd be ruined with the pattern of a loafing vagabond like he about the place."

But anxious as he was, having once gone to the Rectory kitchen and reported himself returned, he stuck doggedly to his work, and went on mowing the lawn, without any further attempt to seek an interview with his master.

The summons to the study came at last. When Roger opened the door he found the Rector looking much puzzled and perplexed; Mr. Beaufort had passed his delicate hand through his hair till it stood nearly on end, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down in a way ludicrous to behold; and yet Roger, who was a close observer, saw that his master's perturbation was not trouble but mere flutter—there was decided gratification in it.

"Good morning, Roger," said the Rector, in the old schoolmaster style. "I have a very important communication to make to you, and that is why I sent for you; in fact, Roger, you had better sit down while I read you this letter. Or stay, had I better read it? Shall I try and explain it instead, though I don't quite understand it myself? You see it's entirely business."

"Read it, sir, if ye please, if ye leave the choice to me." Roger looked suspicious; he thought himself quite a match for the Rector in a matter of business.

But as Mr. Beaufort read, the old man found it no easy matter to follow him. The letter was from a lawyer in Sydney, and there was much technical language in it. Three facts, however, stood out clearly. Watty was dead; Watty had died rich; and Watty had made Martha Westropp his heiress.

Mr. Beaufort read the letter through in his most magisterial manner, even to the signature, and then glanced at Roger with eager curiosity.

But Roger looked as unmoved as the bookcase behind him.

"I must congratulate you—at least, no, I believe I should condole with you on the loss of your brother in the first place," here the Rector hesitated. "There is a letter from him too; it is addressed to the lawyer, but it is plainly meant for you."

No muscle of Roger's face stirred, but he stretched his hand out suddenly for the letter.

"I'll give it you," Mr. Beaufort said; "but I want first to ask how this is to be communicated to Patty?"

"She need know nothing, sir, till she come of age." Roger spoke sharply.

Mr. Beaufort waved his white hand. "Stop a minute; you cannot keep it from her. The tidings are not sent to you, Roger, at all; they are sent to me in trust for Patty. I communicate them to you first because I think a parent should always be taken into confidence first about anything affecting the happiness of his child; but so far as I can make out, Patty will have something like £50,000." Roger started, and his lower jaw drooped. "Now you are too sensible not to see that such a property as this must alter her whole manner of life; and the first thing to be thought of is to give her a good education, and such a bringing up as may enable her to fill the new place in life which she is called to occupy; she is quite young enough to avail herself of these benefits, and quite old enough to understand that she is called to new duties."

The firm set face twitched restlessly. Roger had not gathered in anything like this from the letter he had heard read.

"Fifty thousand pounds did ye say, sir? Watty must ha' hoarded rarely!" His face twitched rapidly; he felt more sympathy for his brother than he had ever felt before.

"Yes, that is about the amount of the property. You see I have several letters here, which you can look through at your leisure, and these will put you in possession of the way in which the money is at present invested; but I don't think your brother hoarded." Mr. Beaufort could not keep back a smile.

"You told me, if you remember, that he went to some gold-diggings and was thoroughly unsuccessful; it appears that a more successful finder than himself took a fancy to your brother, and after this they went about the country together. This man bought a small property, fell ill soon after and died, leaving the ground to his companion, and in this very ground the gold was afterwards discovered which founded Watty's fortunes."

"And do you mean to say, sir," Roger's eyes gleamed with repressed excitement, "that my brother Watty dug £50,000 in gold out o' the inside o' the earth?"

Roger's bony hand clenched nervously; he longed for a spade in it, and to be at that moment treasure-seeking on his own account.

"I don't mean that altogether, though I can well believe such things have happened; but Watty seems to have been a prudent, practical man; he turned this discovery to good account, and then placed the money he so gained in the hands of one of the first merchants in Sydney, and the result proves you see, Roger, that money makes money more by using than by hoarding it."

"Do you mean to tell me that Watty didn't know how to spend his riches when he got 'em?" said Roger, roughly.

"He seems to have gone on living quietly on a small farm, and he died unmarried some few months ago."

"He was ready enough to tell of his mischances," said Roger, bitterly; "he couldn't let us know of his well-doing."

"Well, that is past and gone. Now perhaps you would like to read his letter; and I think, if you agree to it, that we will go down to the cottage, and we can tell Patty the news between us."

Roger made no answer; he saw that the Rector would tell the girl with his consent or without it, but he was thoroughly unconvinced.

Education! Why, that meant a boarding-school; and that would spend ever so much of the money to begin with, and would also teach Patty ways and means of spending more of it.

To Roger, money was a precious thing

in itself. He shut his eyes to the future; it seemed to him that Patty did well enough in her cotton gowns. She could read and write; what more learning did she want? A vision of investing some of the money in the purchase of live stock, so that he might give up service and reap his own reward from the experience he had acquired, came into his mind; but if Patty were to be made a fine lady, he should have the waste and expense of keeping a dairy-woman, and all sorts of other expenses would come. But these were scarcely thoughts, rather an indistinct haze, which occupied him till the Rector went out of the study to prepare for his walk.

Mr. Beaufort had placed Watty's letter on the table beside Roger, but his eagerness to read it had subsided. A superstitious dread crept over the hard man as he looked at this message from the grave.

A thought like this came to help him: "I always did my dooty by him. Maybe, if I'd been more yielding, he'd ha' been softer still than what he was; maybe it was my keeping him strict as gave him the backbone to do so much."

But against this reasoning two faces rose in mute appeal. Watty's face, with bright eyes and curly hair, and the face of his own wife—the quiet, subdued woman she had died, not the merry-hearted, prattling maiden he had wooed and married. The quiet force of Roger's strong reserved nature had moulded his wife into shape much sooner than seemed likely to be the case with her daughter.

"Martha always said there were good in the lad, so she were right after all," he said in a softened voice.

It was easier to take up the letter now. He opened it, and flattened it on the table with his hand. The beginning was brief and formal, chiefly relating to business matters, but at the end was this paragraph:—

"My brother Roger will likely ask why I leave the money to his child Martha instead of him? You can tell him this at the time you tell him the news: first and foremost, because she's

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the child of Martha, who never gave me an unkind word; and next, because she's *his* daughter, and I won't, if I can help it, give him the chance of turning her to the bad as he turned me. Tell him, that if I'd felt I had a friend to go to instead of a hard judge, I would never have gone astray, never have done what has made me always ashamed to hold up my head among other men. I don't harbour malice against Roger, you may say that much, but I do feel glad and happy that I've taken it out of his power to make that girl's life wretched by his miserly harshness. May the money do her more good than it's done me, but I'm not sure;—perhaps I'd have been wiser if I'd builded a church or a hospital."

"Miserly harshness!" Had not Patty said almost the same words? Roger's face worked convulsively; but Mr. Beaufort opened the door, and in an instant he looked as usual.

He got up and followed the Rector. His face looked greyer, older, and there was a strange contraction in his eyes. He folded the letter and put it in its cover, then went forward and opened the gate for Mr. Beaufort.

"Here's the letter, sir," he said.

"You have more right to it than I." The Rector spoke kindly, but he did not look at Roger. He understood the man's proud nature too well! to hint his motive; but it seemed to him that some day or other, if not to-day, the truth so plainly stated might make itself heard, and work on the hard sordid heart as his own preaching had failed to work.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

PATTY listened in perfect silence while the Rector announced his golden tidings, and then she glanced up like a shy kitten, at her father and at Mr. Beaufort.

The Rector got up and held out his hand to her. "I congratulate you sincerely, Martha; and if I or Miss Beaufort can be of any service to you in the way

of advice as to your future proceedings, as I believe we can be, we shall be glad to help you."

"Thank you, sir;" Patty curtsied at the end of this speech, but the mention of Nuna had quieted the flutter of her excitement.

"You must have good teaching, and soon, you know. Come up to the Rectory when you have had time to think it over and ask for Miss Nuna; she can tell you a good deal about suitable teachers, masters, and so forth. Now I dare say you and Roger would like to talk it over alone."

And the Rector went away. He had not been so happy for a long while. Doubtless he enjoyed the part assigned to himself in the little drama; but allowing thus much for human infirmity, there was genuine kindness in his heart, in spite of the overlay of self. Selfishness had never made him stingy. It might have been better for Nuna's future if her father had been less open-handed; but Roger's parsimony had always pained his master, and more than once he had dreaded its effect on Patty since her return from Guildford.

"Next to some one leaving a fortune to Nuna, it does me good to think of that poor little girl being released from her hard, dull life. And yet, unless she falls into very good hands, this change of estate may prove a trial; in fact, it is an awful temptation. Yes, we must look very closely after Patty."

But he had no time to pursue this thought. Will Bright was driving uphill as fast as the black horse would take him; he drew up when he saw Mr. Beaufort.

"Where is your friend, Will? I thought you were to take him out to Gray's with you."

"My friend," Will's emphasis on the word was not friendly, "prefers 'The Bladebone' to Gray's Farm. Ashton is plainly too attractive for him just at present."

The Rector was so full of Patty's fortune, that he failed to notice the irony in Will's voice.

"I'm sorry," he said; "you and Mrs. Bright would have found him a pleasant inmate, I fancy. But, Will, I want to

talk to you about that bit of waste land below my first meadow. Cannot you come back and have luncheon? Nuna will be glad to see you."

"Thank you; no." Will Bright gathered up the reins in his hand ready for a start. "I have seen Nuna this morning."

The tone woke up Mr. Beaufort; he looked at the young man. "What's the matter, Will? I'm sure there's something amiss."

"I've been a fool, that's all," the young fellow said. He turned his head away; he longed to drive on, but the Rector was standing too close.

The gladness that had been making sunshine in Mr. Beaufort's heart clouded over with foreboding.

"Have you and Nuna quarrelled?" he said in a fretful voice.

Will turned round and faced him. "Quarrelled is not the word, and no one is to blame but me. I was hasty, and you can guess what I mean," he said impatiently. "You advised me not to be in a hurry yourself."

"Ah," said the Rector. He drew back out of the way; it seemed to him there was nothing to be said.

"Poor Will!" Mr. Beaufort watched the young farmer driving rapidly away. "I'm afraid he's a blundering fellow, after all. Can't he see that Nuna is only a child, without a notion of love in her head? And I'll venture to say he asked her to be his wife without any preface or courtesy. That roughness comes of the mixture of blood; those Brights have intermarried with yeoman families more than once. Will wants breeding, fine fellow as he is. And yet I really don't see how Nuna could do better than marry Will. I suppose I must say something to her. Dear me, it is very awkward—very awkward and troublesome. I feel quite worried. I made up my mind yesterday not to find fault any more till Elizabeth comes. Well, why can't Elizabeth settle this?"

He had reached the Rectory gate; some one was coming down the gravelled drive as he went in.

"Good morning, Miss Coppock." Mr. Beaufort raised his hat with ceremonious

politeness, and the dressmaker returned his greeting reverently.

"What a very remarkable face that woman has!" he thought to himself as he passed on. "I can't fancy she has always been a dressmaker."

Miss Coppock was tall and slender; her grey hair looked almost white against her mourning bonnet. If her features had been less sharp, and her complexion less sallow, she might have been handsome; there was depth of colour yet in her sunken black eyes; but the regular aquiline profile was painfully hard in outline, and the jawbone too prominent and marked, now that roundness had left the face. Still there was a purpose in her expression, wholly alien from the study of how best to foster the frivolous vanity of womankind.

"Mary never liked that woman," mused the Rector; "but then dear Mary had a few prejudices. I am not sure that she really liked Elizabeth, though she agreed to trust Nuna with her. Dear me!" he gave a sudden start; "why, Elizabeth will be here to-morrow, and I have not told Nuna she's coming." He hurried indoors.

Miss Beaufort was not in any of the downstairs rooms, so he sent Jane to look for her.

Even if he had not met Will, the Rector must have seen that something unusual had happened, Nuna looked so shy and conscious.

Mr. Beaufort usually kept to his resolutions so long as there was no way of acting on them. He forgot them now.

"I have just met Will, and I find you have been quarrelling." Nuna grew red.

"I am very sorry, but I don't want Will to come here again for a long time."

Her father stroked her hair with unusual graciousness. Fathers seem often to take a secret pleasure in the rejection of their daughters' suitors.

"Nonsense," he laughed; "I expect Will blundered, and you are too young to know your own mind, child. Oh, by the bye, Nuna, Elizabeth Matthews

has written to say that she can come and stay with us; she is coming to-morrow, so will you have a room got ready?"

Downright alarm sprang into Nuna's eyes.

"To-morrow! O father, are you sure? Is there no way of preventing it?"

But her father's graciousness had fled.

"Don't be such a child; why should you object to seeing your cousin? I'm sure," he went on in an injured voice, "we want some one to keep things straight, and I should have thought you would have been thankful for such an accomplished, ladylike companion. Pray don't let me hear another word of objection."

To ensure safety he went away, and shut himself in his study.

Nuna walked up and down as if she felt caged.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what will become of me! My father finds fault, but then I deserve it, and it does me good; but when Elizabeth scolds, I try to be as tiresome as I can. I feel downright wicked. I would not be good if I could, if she were likely to know it; it would be better to go to Gray's with Will—fifty times better than to live here with Elizabeth."

Meantime at the cottage Patty spoke her mind boldly.

"Now, father, I want to hear more about all this. Mr. Beaufort seems to have got a half way of telling things; in the first place he never said how it was poor uncle came to think about me at all."

"That can't signify nothing." Roger spoke roughly, and then he softened. "You'll learn all about it, lass, I don't doubt, when you're up at the Rectory along of Miss Nuna."

It was pleasant for the father to think of Miss Nuna looking on Patty as an equal, but the dread of all that book-learning might teach lay heavy on his miserly nature.

"I'm not going up to the Rectory, father."

He turned and looked at her. She was standing against the wall, paler than usual, with her lips firmly closed. Roger

rarely saw his own face, but he had a secret consciousness at that moment that Patty resembled him.

"What d'ye mean, lass?"

Roger would have scorned the accusation if it had been brought against him, but he felt already a secret reverence for Patty, or rather for Watty's wealth in her person.

"I'm not going up to the Rectory; I'm not going to be patronized any longer. I can get much better advice than that poor dawdle of a Miss Nuna can give me. I mean to be another sort of lady altogether to what she is, father. Don't you trouble yourself about me."

Her father looked at her curiously. She had begun to walk up and down the tiled floor, with her head thrown back, and with long, almost stately steps: he thought she was certainly a well-looking lass. But even her newly-acquired importance could not make him pass over her slighting mention of Miss Beaufort.

"If you grow to be as good and kind-spoken a young lady as her, you may be thankful. Don't make me ashamed of you, Patty; don't let the Ashton folk say as Watty's gold has turned your head and made a fool of you all in a minute. Who d'ye mean can give you better advice than her?"

"Why, Miss Coppock, to be sure. Haven't I told you that she's as well taught, and all the rest, as Miss there. *She* wasn't brought up to the dressmaking; she had maids of her own from the first."

Roger shook his head.

"My lass, you've not lived long enough yet to learn the difference of real gentlefolks and make-believes; and I tell you," he struck the table with his fist, "you won't find a truer lady than Miss Nuna anywhere. Why, child, Miss Coppock can only teach you backstairs ways; she knows more about the maids than she do about the mistresses."

"She's got twice the manners Miss Nuna have," said Patty, sulkily.

"Manners!" Roger looked at her slowly; he tried to keep down his strong contempt, but it rose in spite of him. "Pretty manners! fallals and a

smile that seems as if it was always lying on top of her face ready for use, and a way of marching along the street like a peacock. Them's the manners Miss Coppock have to teach. Look you here, Patty, you could paint out the old mildew on the scullery wall if you laid the paint on thick enough—on'y for a while, mind you, it's there all the same, it 'ud come through. Any woman that's 'cute enough can ape a few airs and graces. If you don't know a true lady when you see one, Patty, it's like you'll be taking up with the wrong sort o' patterns. Don't let's have no more nonsense, there's a good lass."

Roger had been moved by Watty's letter, and now he was moved out of his slow cautious speech. His rugged worldly nature had been shocked to its foundation—shocked, no more—and he was anxious to escape from the subject altogether; it had unhinged him from his usual track of life. He went out into the garden and began to dig potatoes.

Patty stood quietly in the low, meanly furnished room. She pinched her arm at last, and then her lips parted in a smile.

"I suppose it's true," she said. "Good gracious! it's like fairyland; it's more like dreams I've had;" and then she put her hands before her eyes, for the room was going round and round, while dresses, and jewels, and carriages, and luxurious drawing-rooms, filled with light and glitter, enveloped her in a chaos of brilliant confusion.

It seemed as if her usual collected self was deserting Patty Westropp, and that a double transformation was effected. She was not only rich, but she felt fevered, impatient, excitable, as if she could not wait even hours for the leap into this new glorious life which was so surely hers. For the first time a more kindly feeling showed itself towards Nuna.

"Poor thing! she'll live and die in this dull place, I suppose, unless she marries that young Bright. Well, she's got manners enough for Gray's Farm, any way."

And then Patty's thoughts came back to herself.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS COPPOCK'S COUNSEL.

ROGER's digging was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Coppock.

"Good morning, Mr. Westropp;" the milliner gave him one of the ready-made smiles. "Shall I find Martha within?"

Roger answered by digging his spade into the ground, and, leaving it there, he came forward and placed himself in the path of his visitor.

"Good morning, ma'am; come this way a bit, will you?" and he walked on till Miss Coppock was fairly hidden again among the scarlet-runner vines.

"Now, ma'am, I've a word to say, and when you've heard what it is you'll excuse my being short of manners. Patty have got great news for you; she's rich now; she's had sums of money left her. Now, Miss Coppock, I know you're a clever woman, for I hear you manage your own business right well by your own self. Martha'll want to consult you; women must talk to one another, I suppose, but I want to have my say first. Money's a fine thing; but it ain't like the leaves, it don't grow again when it's spent. My lass is a good girl now, but she's just one that a very little wrong advice would send to the bad altogether. Hold her in, ma'am, hold her in, if ye'd do a friend's part; she's too full of sperrit; she wants the curb just now. That's all, ma'am." He stood aside to let her pass.

While he spoke, Roger had become sensible of a change in the milliner's face; the artificial smile faded, and a look of eager interest took its place; and this expression suited her features so much better than the former one that it was natural to suppose it the more rightfully her own.

She held out her hand to Roger.

"I'm very glad to hear your good news; you may trust me, Mr. Westropp." She went on fast to the cottage.

Roger looked after her.

"Maybe Patty's right," he said; "I've a notion there's more in yon woman than ribbons and such; she forgot all

her smiles and mincings at hearing of Patty's luck."

Patty heard her friend's footsteps, and met her in the porch. She was going to shake hands as usual, but Miss Coppock bent forward and clasped her warmly to her.

"I congratulate you, my dear child, with all my heart. I cannot express to you how truly rejoiced I am." She kissed Patty affectionately before she released her.

Patty had a half-comic look on her face; with all her reverence in words for Miss Coppock she had always felt sure of pleasing her, and was perhaps more saucy to her than to any one.

"I'm somebody now, arn't I? I'm as worth coming all the way from Guildford to see as Miss Beaufort herself."

"You mustn't say that," said the dressmaker, in her most professional tone; "I came to see you before I even heard the news."

"Then you didn't hear it at the Rectory?"

"Oh dear no! your father told me as I came in."

"And he told you to give me good advice, and, above all, not to be extravagant; I know, I know. Now, Miss Patience, there's no use in looking innocent, I know the ways of him. Suppose we go up in my bedroom and have a good talk all to ourselves, if you don't mind." She led the way without waiting for her visitor's answer.

Patty was too excited to realize the change in her own manner, but Miss Coppock felt it keenly. She knew well that only a week ago the girl would have thought a visit from her a rare and prized condescension, and here she was leading the way upstairs and treating her as her inferior already.

Patience Coppock had been battling with life for many a long year, and looking onward she saw no rest from her incessant warfare and toil; for of all the toilsome lives allotted to women, surely a dressmaker's is as trying as can be found. There is no repose for the ingenious brain. The mysteries of one set of fashions are no sooner conquered than fresh ones present themselves, and these

must be studied, to please the whims and caprices of those chief tyrants of their sex, vain women. The inventors of the fashions themselves doubtless find pleasure in their art as they create, but the hapless crew doomed to copy, and yet to adapt their copy to the capricious taste of each employer, are as much to be pitied as negro slaves are.

Miss Coppock had known a higher kind of life, though still a toilsome one, and once she had had visions of a bright future. Now, following Patty up the uneven staircase, these visions came back with bitter vividness; and she almost hated the blooming girl who was going to take a place so much above any that she could hope for.

Patty closed the door, and then she turned round on her friend without even asking her to sit down.

"Father wants me to take advice with Miss Beaufort." She kept her eyes on her friend's face, and she saw the cloud there. "Now I just don't mean to—I don't like her, and more than that, I'd rather have your advice than anyone's else. I don't know all about it yet, but I expect I shall be much, much better off than the Rector. I want to tell you the first plan that come in my head when I thought about it."

"I suppose you know you must have an education?" Miss Coppock spoke gravely and simply.

"Oh yes, I must have learning, but that comes after; it'll take us days and days to plan everything. The first thing to be done is to go away from this quietly without saying where we're going, so as no one can make us out to be the same again."

"But you will be traced somehow."

"I don't see it," said Patty, decisively; and Miss Coppock found herself swayed by the command in the girl's manner. "We'll have to change our names; but I know that can be done without trouble. I learned that only yesterday."

The colour flew up to Patty's temples, and flushed face and throat painfully. Till now she had completely forgotten Paul Whitmore.

As we grow older, and autumn comes to our hopes, we find it easier to yield

them up, and build plans on their ruins; and as Patience Coppock stood there listening to Patty, and contrasted the green fresh certainty of the girl's life with the withered brownness of her own, a notion grew in her brain—grew quickly as a fungus grows. She would never see the future that had once seemed so certain. She must give up all hope of an independent life, but she might realize an easy, luxurious future of rest instead of toil by this golden lot that had fallen to Patty. To do this she foresaw she must submit herself to her former apprentice; and in spite of her curtsies and her smiles there was a stubborn independence in the dressmaker—the independence that had been to her as a life-belt, when the waters of despair had once all but closed over her head. But the more worldly spirit conquered; it whispered, "You may make yourself so useful that you will be invaluable;" and hand in hand with this came a more evil suggestion: "Knowledge is power," she thought, "and I must know all Patty's secrets if I am to get a hold of her."

The girl's sudden emotion gives her resolve a power of action; the ill-written note she has received is fresh in the dressmaker's memory.

"How about your friend from London, Patty? What does he say to all this?"

If she hopes to take Patty by surprise she is mistaken. The deep blue eyes are raised unshrinking to her face.

"I don't understand you; I said a gentleman had sketched my likeness, and I expected he would take my picture. I never said he was a friend as I could talk my affairs to."

Patty speaks pettishly, for she feels her blushes rising, and she is angry at not being able to control them as she can control her words.

Miss Coppock laughs.

"Come, come, Patty, there's no use in half-confidences. Why did you write to me at all, if when I come to answer your letter you begin by denying? You'll make me think that it was all a fancy of yours, and that you've seen no more of this gentleman."

Miss Coppock has gone back to the old tone of superiority; but she feels that

Patty is slipping every moment further and further out of the slight subterfuge she has exacted; if she does not place herself on a firm footing to-day, her position will be most insecure. Her words break through Patty's reserve.

"You'll think very wrong, then; he comes and sees me every day." And then the girl wishes her words unspoken.

"Is he going to marry you, Patty?"

There is a keen, pitiless query in the dark eyes bent fully on Patty's working face. Miss Patience has had plenty of apprentices, pretty girls many of them, and she has had to sift the facts of more than one sad story before now.

"I suppose that rests with me," Patty tosses her head. "You needn't look so hard, Miss Coppock. He all but asked me to be his wife this morning, and he's coming again to-morrow—this evening, maybe, if father goes out."

"Patty"—there is such a stern warning in her friend's voice that the girl starts—"if he only comes to see you when your father's away, he doesn't mean to marry you; he's only trifling and amusing himself—perhaps worse."

"For shame, Miss Coppock! He has as much respect for me as if I was a lady born; and don't you suppose he'll want to marry me fast enough when he knows I am as good as a lady?"

Patience Coppock looks keenly at the flushed face.

"You are not a lady yet;" she speaks quickly, but in a firm, decided tone that convinces Patty against her will; "you want education and breeding. You have no manners whatever; your mind and your body must both be trained before you can even pass as a lady."

Patty pouts unbelievably. She has never seen any one nearly as pretty as she is; it is all very well for a long, skinny, gaunt woman to talk to her in this way, but it is not true.

"Ah well, he's quite satisfied with me as I am."

Her vanity helps her love. If she is good enough for Mr. Whitmore, why need she bother herself with all the drudgery of learning?

"What is this gentleman? What does he do—anything?" Miss Coppock feels on vantage-ground now that Patty has gone back to her own condition.

"Mr. Whitmore told me this morning,"—here Patty's cheeks flame up again at the remembrance of that interview,— "he was an artist; he paints pictures." She looks quickly at the dressmaker, and she sees Miss Patience's lip curling. "He may have property besides for what I know, but I don't think he's rich."

"Ah!" says Miss Coppock.

"What do you mean?" says Patty, angrily. "There's no use in sighing and groaning; it's much the best to speak your mind."

Miss Coppock shakes her head.

"No, no, Patty; I know human beings better than you do, and I've learned that the only use of giving your opinion to a girl who has made up her mind as you have, is to cause disagreement, and I don't want to quarrel with you."

"You can't quarrel with me unless I'm willing." Patty has recovered her good temper. "And I have not quite made up my mind; I want you to tell me plainly what you think."

"About Mr. Whitmore?"

Patty nods.

Miss Coppock hesitates to say what is in her mind; it is a risk, but then the prize to be gained is worth it, and certainly she will only be fulfilling her pledge to Roger Westropp, in preventing his daughter from throwing herself away on a poor artist.

"If I'm really to say what I think, I don't trust this Mr. Whitmore. He admires you—you have just the face an artist would admire—and he is studying you; and I've no doubt he finds it very pleasant to visit you and flirt with you. But now listen, Patty: artists are always poor, always extravagant. I haven't the least doubt that Mr. Whitmore has heard of your good fortune by this time. You'll be the talk of Ashton for some weeks to come; and perhaps your money will make him ask you to be his wife. Of course, if you choose to accept his offer and marry him, you will in one

way please yourself ; but what follows ? You say Mr. Whitmore is satisfied with you as you are ; then I'm sure you'll rest content too, for a time ; you'll hand him over your fortune and he'll spend it for you. It sounds immense to you, Patty, but he'll not find it so. So far so well ; but when the money's all spent—mind you, Patty, an artist never lays by against a rainy day—what happens ? There you are in a poor struggling home, with perhaps a family. Why, you're better off here, Patty, with only your father to work for. Are you sure you love Mr. Whitmore well enough to run this risk ?

Patty stands thinking ; her bright flush has faded.

"The same thing might happen if I married any one," she says slowly.

"And it will happen, my dear, if you marry any one who has only his wits to live on ; don't you see that he will be glad to let them rest, and live on your money instead of working ?"

"Well, and why not ? there's enough."

Miss Coppock looks contemptuous, and Patty feels at a disadvantage. Miss Patience is more wonderful than she had thought her if she can venture to sneer at fifty thousand pounds.

"No, child, there is not enough for wealth ; there is just enough to make you see what can be done with money, and to make you long and pine for more." Her thin lips press together eagerly. "But, Patty, you have as good a prospect of real wealth as any one I ever heard of. Set to work at once and make a lady of yourself ; I can help you. In a few months, if you try with all your might, you will be quite changed ; then, when you are no longer afraid of showing yourself among people anywhere, with your face and the means you have of making a good show you must marry some one with money too—who you like, in fact, but you must not marry a poor man, Patty. You want to get into good society, I suppose ?"

"I want to know grand people, and go among fine company," says Patty, sulkily : it seems to her that ambition is not so pleasant after all, if she has to pay a price for its gratification.

"Exactly ; well then, my dear,"—Miss Coppock is at her blandest,—*"well then, you must do as society does. Well-bred people don't make love matches, Patty ; follies of that kind go on in villages and among the lower classes. You mustn't believe all the nonsense you read in story-books, child ; that's just made up to amuse, and it amuses people all the more because it's such a contrast to what really happens. Do you know, Patty, I thought you were far less simple !"*

CHAPTER XV.

PAUL TRIES TO MAKE UP HIS MIND.

On the same day on which Will had declared his love, and Patty had found herself an heiress, Paul Whitmore had left Roger Westropp's cottage sorely against his will. But Patty had insisted on his going away. Her father might come in any time from the Rectory, and she did not want to run the risk she had run on the previous evening.

Paul had gone down ostensibly to paint her portrait, but he had not even taken a brush from his case this morning. His infatuation had got to its height ; and when he left the cottage, it seemed to him that he could not live out the hours till next morning. When he reached the end of Carving's Wood Lane, he avoided "The Blade-bone," and crossing into the road leading to the station he found a green lane on the left, one of those grassy sequestered rides which seem made for either solitude or love.

He strolled on, his head bent, his hat slouched over his eyes, at first in a frenzy of impatience, and then, as his senses cleared, with a determined purpose to make Patty his at any sacrifice.

Sacrifice ! What nonsense ! By the time Patty had been his wife a year, no one would guess her origin. There was nothing unrefined or vulgar about her ; she was as simple as a wild flower. And then he looked at the hedge-bank and thought how far more exquisite were those graceful trailing blackberry

wreaths than any mere garden climbing plant.

"She is just like a briar-rose. She has nothing to unlearn; so intelligent too, she would adapt herself to any station."

He lay down at the foot of a tree and gave himself up to the thought of Patty.

After a while he rose up, went back to "The Bladebone," and had his dinner.

If he had been less absorbed, he must have noticed a change in the conduct of his landlady. She sent the maid in to wait on him, and when he came into the garden to smoke she kept studiously out of sight.

Mrs. Fagg had remarked that each time her lodger went out, he went in the direction of Carving's Wood Lane; and this morning Bobby, the luckless cause of so much woe to Nuna Beaufort, had been down to the common to play among the gorse, and had seen the "parlour tustomer," as he called him, talking to Patty in front of Roger's cottage. Mrs. Fagg was a woman of severe virtue, and she did not know how to act. There was no use in speaking to Dennis; he would only make her angry by some nonsense about Patty's prettiness.

"I've almost a mind to speak to the Rector," she said.

But though she had a way of speaking her mind boldly and plainly, Mrs. Fagg was not a mischief-maker, and she shrank from denouncing Patty to Mr. Beaufort.

"She'll come to no good," she said. "She's Watty's own niece, though folks do say he'd never ha' been so bad if he'd not been drove to it; but Patty's her own driver—good-for-nothing little hussey!"

Meantime Paul was struggling with his scruples. A vision of his mother had come back to him. Was she praying for her son at that moment? He felt, with a sudden keen conviction, that Patty was not the wife she would have wished him to choose.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in its case, and walked moodily up and down the long narrow garden. A jackdaw, a pet of Bobby Fagg's, kept

on popping in and out from among the espaliers, with his head all awry, winking one eye, as if Mr. Whitmore's meditations were the most delicious joke in the world.

"I believe mothers never do like their sons' wives," he said at last; "and my darling mother warned me not to marry a gifted woman like herself. I could never find one like her," he said reverently. In that brief moment Patty's image faded.

He thought of what his friends would say.

"Stephen will laugh, no doubt, but then Stephen and I hold different creeds about women. Poor fellow, he lost his mother before he knew what her society was worth, and I'm afraid he doesn't allow women any souls. I'd not tell him a word about Patty if I were to find him in the parlour when I go back there; we should quarrel if I did. He would jeer at the idea of marriage at all in such a case, just as if one woman is not as much a human being as another, and entitled to the same amount of respect, though she may claim it differently."

He felt quieter, more virtuous altogether, after he had finished his walk up and down the garden. He began to think he would leave Ashton at once, go back to London, and think the matter over calmly at a safe distance from the cottage.

"I used to laugh at Rinaldo for being glamourised by Armida, but I'm worse; when I look back a week and see how quickly this has all come about, I believe I ought to be a little less rash."

And in pursuance of this newly-found wisdom Mr. Whitmore determined not to yield to the longing he felt to go down to the cottage again that evening.

"If I am in earnest," he said, "I ought to be very careful not to expose her to her father's suspicions; if not, I am only tormenting myself."

He went through the village, and finding a little sunburnt group playing at "clocks," he sat down and sketched it.

"What a jolly time these youngsters

have of it," he thought, and he looked at the red cheeked, white-headed toddlers with almost envy. The "clocks" of that part of the road were exhausted. The group broke up into twos and threes, hunting eagerly for fresh prey, and one little frail girl scrambled to the top of a long heap of stones ready for road-mending. There was a shrill outcry. "I tell'ee there bea'n none there, Lottie," shouts a sturdy brother, who has sat down tired at the foot of the heap to stare at the gentleman. But Lottie's perseverance is rewarded. She has ducked down to search the bank behind the heap, and now she stands upright in triumph on the stones with a dandelion stalk quite six inches long in her hand. Poor little Lottie! Just as the rest come flocking like a troop of chickens when their mother's cluck announces treasure-trove, the little ankle twists, and down she slips, bruising herself severely as she falls.

There was one universal shriek; but when Paul managed to extricate the fallen child from the group that clustered about her like a mass of twining, crawling caterpillars, he found she was insensible.

"Where does she live?" he said to the boy who had been staring at him, the biggest of the chubby, sobbing pinafores around him.

"Her be my sister Lottie, her be;" both brown fists went to his eyes and seemed to be pounding them into his head. "O-o-oh, mother'll whip I, 'cos Lottie be hurt. Oh!"

"Come along like a man, you selfish young brute." Paul was really alarmed for the little lifeless form in his arms. "Run on in front and show me where you live. Go quick, I say, and I'll give you sixpence."

The sobs stopped at once, and the boy trotted on fast, his red legs bulging over the top of his sturdy boots without any visible line of stocking between. He led the way in an opposite direction to the village. Paul had begun to wonder where he was going, when they came to a sudden turn in the road. A huge elm-tree projected its branches from one side

of the way to the other, and behind the screen made by these was a tiny cottage, with a garden all round it, and a mossy thatched roof.

The boy unlatched the gate, and then he slunk behind Mr. Whitmore.

At the sound a young woman came out of the cottage; her face was blooming, her dress tidy and clean, but vixen was stamped in her small light grey eyes and varying complexion.

As she looked at Paul and made out first the lifeless child in his arms, and then the boy shrinking out of sight, she grew white for just an instant, and then the blood flew back to her face and throat in stripes.

"You little villain!" She shook her fist, and darting swiftly past Mr. Whitmore, she caught the boy by the hair and shook him violently. "You've been and killed your sister, have you, you good-for-nothing, naughty, wicked limb!"

She emphasized each epithet with a blow. She saw that the gentleman was trying to stop her; but she knew he was powerless with Lottie in his arms, and she gave vent to her passion like a fury.

"Be quiet!" Paul thundered; "this child will die if you don't see to her."

She had got rid of the froth of her rage by this time; she let go Bobby's hair and came and looked at the little girl.

"I'll carry her in," said Mr. Whitmore firmly, "if you'll show me where to lay her down."

The woman scowled, but she obeyed. There was one room opening into the garden, and from this a very rude staircase led into a bedroom above.

There was no closeness of atmosphere, though the room was very small, and had two beds in it; and as Paul laid his little burden down, he noticed how clean were the patchwork curtains and counterpane.

The movement roused the child, and she opened her eyes.

Paul told the mother how the accident had happened.

"And mind you don't scold either of them," he said; "it was purely an acci-

dent. You should rather thank God she is not killed. Now, will you raise your little girl, and we will see if there are any broken bones?"

The child moaned with pain when her mother touched her right arm, but it was only from the suffering of the bruised and broken skin; she stood firmly when raised, and her joints seemed to move freely.

Paul gave the woman some silver, and asked her if he could do anything for her in the village.

She thanked him with rather less of a scowl, but she evidently thought herself ill-used by the child's fall.

"No, sir, I don't want nothing, thank you. I'll have my hands full enough with this mischief without a pack o' gossips coming to see how 'tis with Lottie. If you meet e'er a one a-coming, maybe you'll be so good as turn 'em back again. Say thank you, you naughty child, do, to the gentleman as have carried you all the way home."

Lottie was lying on the bed again, her blue eyes fixed on Paul; but at this she grew red and shy, and then pouted up her little mouth to be kissed.

"Well I'm sure, what next?" said the mother, sharply; but Paul bent down and kissed the little maid.

"I'll come and see you to-morrow, shall I, Lottie?"

Lottie smiled, and after giving his advice in a learned fashion to the woman on the treatment of bruises, Paul went away.

The little incident had done him good, and he went to bed resolved to go down Carving's Wood Lane next morning and say good-bye to Patty before his departure for London.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. FAGG HINTS.

MR. BEAUFORT calculated to a nicety the time at which Miss Matthews must arrive, and then he resolved to go and visit one or two sick people in Ashton.

"Nuna is too amiable to receive her cousin unkindly," he said to himself,

"and will be far more gracious if left to herself."

Like many others of his irresolute brethren, Mr. Beaufort disliked seeing facts as they exist; he preferred to theorize. If a thing ought to be done, then every human being might be expected to do it. In precisely the same manner he would not grapple with the fact that an unmethodical mind cannot find order and memory and perseverance by one single effort of the will, and that if habit has to be grafted into a new species, it does not bear speedy fruit.

What ought to be done could be done; and then his judgment took a startling leap to the next conclusion, it must be done.

He could not stand over Nuna all day long to remind her of her omissions, but he could find some one else to act the part of overseer.

And yet a certain discomfort, evoked by Nuna's sad face at breakfast-time, troubled him, and supplied a cogent, though perhaps not an acknowledged, reason for his anxiety to visit the sick this morning.

But his last visit to a poor cripple with only a hard-featured daughter-in-law to take occasional care of him, seemed rather to heighten Mr. Beaufort's discomfort; the poor man was so patient, and the Rector's questions had elicited more than one trait of unselfish endurance and resignation.

"Still it is very tiresome of Nuna not to have my slippers ready for me when I come in, and to let Jane disturb my papers; and she might dust the book-case oftener, and then the dust would not stifle me as it does now; and then the china figures, if she only did a little every day, instead of leaving it all for a week or a fortnight; but everything is sure to go right now Elizabeth is coming, and that is such a comfort."

Still he felt fidgety and uneasy. Mr. Beaufort liked to have his own way, but the naturally soft nature of the man shrank from making his child unhappy.

"It is all nonsense," he said at last. "She ought to like Elizabeth, and so she must. Pooh! I declare I won't go into

any more of these stifling little cottages for some time to come. Why won't they open their windows? I believe I'm quite nervous from the confined air. The next time Jenkins comes over from Brockham, he may as well go a round among them."

Jenkins was Mr. Beaufort's curate. He lived in the parish which the Rector held conjointly with Ashton, and though he was hard-worked, it is only fair to say that he got a larger stipend than so poor a living might have been expected to furnish. The thought of his curate suggested that it would be well to call at "The Bladebone," and ascertain if Mr. Fagg was likely to be sending over to Brockham, for "The Bladebone" was a house of delivery for parcels, &c., for more inlying villages, and Dennis did a sort of irregular carrier's business for the said parcels and the delivery of the ale for which the inn was noted.

"I don't really see," said the Rector, "why Jenkins should not come over and take duty for me next Sunday afternoon. I have been overworking lately, or I shouldn't feel so nervous. The Brockham people don't often have to go without two services."

When he reached "The Bladebone" Dennis was absent.

Mrs. Fagg appeared as usual on the door-step.

"Will you please walk in, sir?"

"Is your lodger in?" said Mr. Beaufort. "We have seen nothing of him since Sunday."

"Please to walk in, sir."

Mr. Beaufort walked in, but the room into which the landlady ushered him was empty.

"Then you'll tell Mr. Whitmore I'm here."

"I can't do that,"—Mrs. Fagg looked grim,—*"he's not in yet; but if you'll please to wait, he surely must be in soon. I should say his stomach 'ud bring him; he was out by eight, and he scarce touched a morsel of breakfast."*

"He goes out sketching, I suppose. Yes, I'll wait; I should like to see what he is making of our neighbourhood. I fancy he's a very clever artist, Mrs.

Fagg." The Rector liked a chat with the landlady, though he sometimes winced under her remarks.

"Is he, sir?" She paused, and then she said sharply, "But I don't think he'll show you his sketch, sir, for all that."

Mr. Beaufort stared. "He keeps his drawings out of sight, does he? Well, I rather like that; modesty is not a frequent fault of the rising generation."

"I should think not, sir, indeed. So far as gals go, there's as much brass in 'em as in any of them as lies on the chancel pavement; but it wasn't for his modesty that I said the gentleman wouldn't care to show his drawing, though in another sense perhaps it was."

Mrs. Fagg's sentences poured themselves out at a draught, but when she had delivered them, she stood stockstill, and always listened patiently to her interlocutor.

"Dear me! what is she driving at?" Then aloud, "I don't follow you; do you mean that it is from me especially Mr. Whitmore would hide his sketches?" Mrs. Fagg shook her head; "or what do you mean?"

The question was put impatiently; he thought Mrs. Fagg ought not to speak to her pastor in riddles.

"Well then, sir, suppose instead of waiting here till the gentleman comes in to eat that blessed duck—which 'ull be more fit for a pig's food than a Christian's if it's to be kept much longer—you just walk down Carving's Wood Lane; I've a notion you'll be nearer the mark than you would be by waiting here another hour."

But Mr. Beaufort was slow of perception.

"Oh! he sketches in that direction, does he? Very well, I want a little walk. Good day, Mrs. Fagg."

The landlady stood looking after him with a very satirical smile.

"I'm too hard on Dennis oft," she said, "when I call him thickhead. There's Mr. Beaufort, crammed full of Latin and Greek, and the wisdom that's said to go along with 'em, and yet his brains is in such a fog they can't see a torch

when it's shown 'em. There's something 'bout men's understandin's which minds me of the Flemish mare up at the Park ; it takes such a deal to set 'em going."

CHAPTER XVII.

UNEXPECTED.

IN spite of her good fortune, Patty's heart was as heavy on this morning as Nuna's was. When one sees how differently troubles affect individuals, one is apt to long for the power of distributing them differently ; that is to say, if one believes trouble to be a real evil. Nuna was tormented at the prospect of passing a few weeks with a person with whom she could not sympathise—a prospect which, in the same position, would not in any way have troubled Patty Westropp. She would have smiled at Miss Matthews's interference and small annoyances, but she would have taken her usual way just as if no such person existed. On the other hand, no one could have laid on Nuna the trouble that gloomed this morning in Patty's beautiful blue eyes, and compressed her pouting lips ; simply because it sprang from Patty's own nature, and could never have existed in such a heart as Nuna's.

Through the long wakeful night Miss Coppock's counsel had been the one subject of thought in Patty's busy brain ; sometimes love had conquered, and she had resolved to run the threatened risk and to marry Paul if he asked her to be his wife, but the dressmaker's artful suggestion robbed this anticipation of all sweetness and joy.

"He will only ask me because of this money," she thought ; and then she turned to seek a cooler place on the pillow for her burning head. "My luck's known all over Ashton by now. I wonder if he is poor and extravagant ; she says so."

Each time love was repulsed with a colder, more determined answer, and at last she fell asleep worn out and miserable.

She waked later than usual ; the sun had bathed her little mean room in golden light, the whitewashed walls glowed in it. Patty thought the glow was in keeping with the splendour of the new life that opened before her.

She gazed earnestly in her little mirror, resting her face between her two pink palms. She looked pale and heavy-eyed, but still she felt that she was beautiful.

"And what shall I be when I come to be well-dressed, with a soft cloud of white lace to set off my complexion, and diamond earrings to make my eyes brighter than they are of themselves, and a lovely necklace on ? Why, I might marry a lord, a duke even ; why should I throw myself away in such a hurry ?"—she drew her long wavy hair through her fingers—"now, too, when I've got no advantage from it all. As Miss Coppock says, think what I may be in a year. Why, she said if I got in good company I might be in the papers as lovely, and distinguished, and all sorts of names women get sometimes ; and if I go marrying a nobody now, I shall be lost to everybody, just one man's wife all my life."

"One man's wife !" A soft blush came with the thought. Was there another man like him to be found ? For a while the image of Paul conquered, and the girl went on dressing herself, a smile of happy love dimpling her lips and brightening her eyes as if no worldly thought could ever reign there.

Her morning duties were strangely distasteful to Patty ; she always shrank from spoiling her hands, but milking Peggy seemed this morning a positive and intolerable hardship. Presently she came round to the front of the cottage to gather beans from the scarlet-runner vines ; it was hot work, spite of its being still early. The beans most fit for cooking hung high up out of reach, unless she stood on tiptoe. Patty paused at last with aching wrists and panting breath beneath the vines trained on arches over the path ; a smile came across her vexed face.

"If he could see me now, what a fuss he'd be in over the picture I make gathering beans. One wouldn't want for admiration certainly if one married him; but then he'd get used to me, and I to him, and then there'd be an end of that. When I think about what I might have if I only have patience—I don't only mean money, I mean change, and lots of people in love with me all at once—somehow a husband don't seem to count against all that."

A tramp, a wretched-looking Irish-woman, passed up from the common to the lane, followed by three squalid children, and carrying one in her arms.

"How dreadful!" thought Patty. She shrank out of sight lest the woman should see her and turn aside to beg. "How dreadful it must be to be plagued with a lot of bothering children! When there's plenty of nurses and nurseries where they can be kept out of the way, they're not so much bother. I couldn't be an old maid, though," and then Patty laughed. She was in shade now, and felt less cross; but it was so impossible to think of herself as old that she must have laughed anywhere.

She went slowly into the house, with her apron full of beans, and while she filled a basin of water to cut them into she went on thinking—thinking of Paul, and then of her promise to Miss Coppock; finally a new thought shaped itself distinctly. She must marry; no single woman, she thought, could ever be so much thought of as one with a husband. But the husband himself no longer held the place Patty's judgment had given him before she heard the Rector's tidings.

"After all," she said, pensively, "one can't have one's cake and eat it, and it seems as if there was less risk in choosing all sorts of good things, so many that one couldn't never tire of 'em, than to go and give all up for just a husband; and who's to say we mightn't quarrel, and end by hating one another after all?"

Still she looked troubled and uneasy; and when she had shred up her beans she saw they were too few.

"What a plague!"

Paul Whitmore was in the porch when she reached it, and her face clouded.

"Why, what has happened!—you're in trouble, Patty. What is it, my darling?"

But she shrank away from his circling arm, and the gloom on her face deepened.

"Best get it over at once," she thought.

"Why, Patty! What's the matter?"

Paul laid his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her frowning face. "Trying to show itself off in a new character, is it, the pretty pet?" He kissed her repeatedly before she could struggle from the strong clasp his hands held her shoulders in; but she did free herself at last, with such vehement energy, that Paul stood still, looking utterly surprised. "Come, come, Patty, what is it? What have I done to vex you?"

He was very nearly angry. He had forgotten all his sage resolutions of last night, and had hurried down the lane full of passionate, intense longing to hold Patty to his heart, and to see her love shining out in her sweet bright eyes. And then he smiled at himself; after all she was only a woman, and women must be capricious and wayward.

"You vex me by doing that," said Patty slowly; "and—and it's better for me you shouldn't come here again, Mr. Whitmore."

Her heart rebelled against every word as she said it, and yet she knew that unless she drove Paul away she must yield to him.

"Not come here! Why not? Patty, do you think I'm not in earnest when I say I love you? Who's been putting nonsense into your head?"

A deep flush rose on Patty's cheeks, but she kept her eyes resolutely away from Paul.

"It's not nonsense, and no one put it in my head. I suppose people may change their minds of themselves." She tossed her head; she tried hard to remember that Paul must know all about her good fortune, and that because he did know it he had come to the cottage extra early this morning to make

her promise to be his wife, but it was very hard to believe all this while she listened to the deep-drawn breathing that told how her words had moved her lover.

"My darling!" Paul spoke very gently, for it seemed to him he had not acted quite fairly towards this simple girl. "Perhaps you have a right to be vexed with me, my own sweet Patty. I ought sooner to have asked you to be my wife, but I loved you so well that I never thought you would doubt me. You forgive me now, my own darling?"

He tried to take her hand to draw her to him, but she pushed his hand away.

"Don't touch me, sir!" she said, angrily. "You've no right to stay here when I keep on saying I don't want you, and you wouldn't dare if father was at home. I don't want to marry you or see you ever again."

She made a movement to retreat into the cottage, but Paul caught her hands suddenly in his, and drew her out into the porch before she could escape him.

Involuntarily she raised her eyes, and then she looked away in fear. There was a tempest in Paul's face; his dark eyes flashed, and his lips trembled with passion.

"Patty! You don't say this of yourself; some one has been here poisoning your mind against me; you could not have changed without some cause. O Patty! Patty! have you loved me at all? Did you love me yesterday when you looked so full of love, or have you been deceiving me all through? Look at me—once, only once—and say, if you can, 'Paul, I don't love you.' You can't say it, darling, I know you can't; you are only trying me. For God's sake end the joke, it's too cruel." He spoke hoarsely; he felt that his words made no way. "Tell me at once that you do love me still."

Patty was sulky; she rebelled against this masterful wooing.

"I can't; and, Mr. Whitmore, I don't think it's like a gentleman to hold me by force to listen to what I don't care for."

There was no mistaking now the stubborn resolution of his words.

Paul let go her hands, and then he

fell back against the old porch as if some one had sent him reeling there under a heavy blow.

He felt struck, withered; all light had gone out of his life—all the easy dilettante spirit in which he had stood there sketching so few days ago. He had been free then; his heart had not been scorched by the passionate love which almost maddened him as his eyes rested on Patty.

Patty stood there pale and grave, but she showed no other traces of emotion. A casual observer, ignorant of all that had come and gone between those two, would have said the man looked stern and the girl weary.

He tired of the silence first. It seemed to him that her words had been a dream, something unreal, that his strong will must and should conquer.

"Think again, my darling," he said earnestly; "you were willing enough to listen to me yesterday: am I changed from what I was then? O Patty! Patty! you are trying me. My sweet, sweet girl, you do not understand how I love you, how happy I will try to make your life, how I will study every wish; you are not in earnest in this horrible, sudden coldness." And then, catching at this stray hope, he grasped her clasped hands in his own and tried to draw her to him.

But she shrank away, and he let go her hands in proud anger.

"False, cold-hearted girl! which is the truth—the Patty you seemed yesterday, when I might hold you in my arms and kiss you, or this Patty? I still believe some one has been slandering me; if they have, if they have said I do not mean fairly by you, I offer you this proof,—come with me now this instant to your father, and hear me ask him to give you to me as my wife."

Patty shook her head, but she would not look at Paul.

"It's no use," she said, fretfully; "I liked you yesterday, but I've changed my mind. I don't ever want to see you again."

"Changed! Say the truth,—say you never felt any real love. If you had

felt even a fraction of the love I feel, you could not harden yourself against me. Do you see what you have done? Listen to me, I tell you." Patty had turned half away, shrugging one shoulder up like a sulky child. "I never loved any woman really till I saw you, Patty; and this first fresh love you fostered till it has grown into madness, and now, when I cannot live without you, you calmly say you have changed your mind—you want to be rid of the sight of me. Are all women like you, I wonder?—fair sepulchres of lies!"

"I won't stay here to be called a liar," Patty sobbed, and moved away. It was so hard to play the part she had set herself, face to face with her lover; she felt angry with Paul for the pain he made her suffer.

Paul's heart smote against his pride.

"Forgive me;" he took forcible hold of her arm, and drew his hand along it till he had secured her hand once more firmly in his; "you know I could not willingly vex you, but you have driven me out of myself—I feel almost mad. Turn your dear face round, Patty, look into my eyes once as you used to look, and tell me, if you can, that you do not love me. Look at me, darling; let me look into your sweet eyes, your heart will soften then. I believe in you still against yourself."

These last words gave Patty back her strength—gave her warning; she had betrayed herself then, while she thought she was so guarded. No, she would not look at him. She would not, could not trust herself to meet Paul's eyes; spite of Miss Coppock and all the prospects she had placed before her. Patty trembled before the power of love, trembled in every fibre of her body.

Unless she meant to yield, she must run away; and if she attempted to do this, she feared Paul would once more clasp her in his arms, and she dared not risk that a second time.

Selfish as she was, the trial was very bitter; it was so hard to give him up. She did not want to marry him, but his

love had been the first dear delight of her life, and Patty would have liked to gather up every pleasure she met with, and carry it along with her.

She looked towards the common. Oh! if even she could see a cart driving across it—anything that would break up the solitude; for she knew that Mr. Whitmore could not expect her to brave scandal for his sake. She looked right and left, but there was no one in sight.

Paul still held her hand, he kept his eyes fixed on her face, and hope grew as he saw the increasing agitation there.

He kept back any act or word. It seemed to him, in that moment of passionate intense hope, that Patty's own feelings would plead best for him.

If he could only have seen into her heart, if he could have known that she dreaded herself more than ⁱⁿ that she was almost stifled by her fear of yielding, he would have made another passionate appeal, and he might have yet conquered.

That brief waiting was decisive. Patty lifted her head, and looked once more towards the lane. Sister Anne on the top of Blue Beard's tower did not gaze with more heartfelt expectation. A sound had reached her ears, a sound faint at first but coming more and more distinctly, the sound of a stick striking against the pebbles in the road.

She was not deceived. As she looked she saw Mr. Beaufort turning the corner of the lane.

"Ah, there's the Rector! Oh, please let me go! I told you I wanted to go. Oh, quick, quick, go away—we shall beseen!"

But Paul would not loose her hand. He would not yield up this newly kindled hope for all the rectors in England.

"I will let you go if you tell me the truth. You must look at me too, Patty, or I can't believe. Do you love me?"

Patty raised her eyes to his. She hesitated a moment.

"No—no, indeed; I don't want to see you again."

Paul had loosed her hand, and she was gone before he knew what had happened.

To be continued.

FATHER HYACINTHE.¹

AMONGST the questions of which the portentous history of the last few months has been full, the two which stand out the foremost are, first, the most pressing and most paramount of all, the future relations of France to Germany, arising out of the present war; the other, less pressing but more enduring, the future position of the Roman Catholic Church, arising partly out of the Vatican Council and partly out of the fall of the Pope's temporal power. Into neither of these questions themselves do we propose to enter; our purpose is to call attention to the utterances of the only man, perhaps, who has spoken with equal force and truth on both these subjects, and who, even if they are taken separately, has shown himself not unequal to cope with either.

Father Hyacinthe comes before us both as a Frenchman and as a Catholic. He has, within the last few weeks, made two remarkable utterances. The first was the address delivered in Hanover Square Rooms for the benefit of the Fund for the Relief of the French Peasants, set on foot by the *Daily News*; and afterwards at Birmingham for the War Victims' Fund, set on foot by the Society of Friends. Shut out from Paris by the investment of the capital, and from any ecclesiastical ministrations in France by his peculiar position, he thus endeavoured, as he says, "to serve his afflicted country more usefully on this friendly shore than it was possible to do on his native soil." The second was the Appeal to the Bishops of Catholic Christendom, dated "Christmas Day, 1870. Rome, Absent in body, Present in spirit." In

fact, it first appeared in Rome, in the journal of *La Liberta*, on the 27th of January of this year, and then, strange to say, was suppressed by order of the Italian Government, thus fulfilling the wish of the Papal Court as completely as if Florence had become a dependency of the Pope, instead of Rome having become the capital of Victor Emmanuel—reversing the sense (as far as it has any sense) of the famous saying of Cavour. "A free Church in a free State" is apparently to mean, according to this new interpretation, "an enslaved State under a dominant Church." The Appeal is prefaced by a short letter to a friend, giving the reasons which have induced the author reluctantly to raise his voice on what might seem to be a personal, though in fact a universal question, in the midst of the tremendous struggle in which his country is involved. He would, he says, have shrunk from such an attempt, "if the question had not been one which concerned my conscience in the highest degree, and if it were not connected with interests which ought to take precedence of all others, even and above all in France,—the interests of Religion."

Let us first take his expressions in reference to the great question of the relations of France to Germany. In the midst of the illusions, the deceptions, the violence, the ignorance of so many of his countrymen, nay even of our own, there is something almost tragical in the union of profound grief with absolute calmness and impartiality which distinguishes every word of his adjustment of the rights and wrongs of the two contending nations.

His main object in the Address was to show that there is no ground for the fatalistic doctrine which has possessed so many actors, so many spectators, of this dreadful struggle—the doctrine, namely,

¹ *France et Allemagne. Discours prononcé à Londres le 20 Décembre, 1870.* London: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

Appeal to the Bishops of Catholic Christendom. Prefaced by a Letter to a Friend. Translated from the French. London: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

that there was an inherent necessity for the war, and that there is an inherent impossibility of peace between the two nations. He rightly feels that, unless this superstition is dislodged, all appeals to reason and conscience are vain. He first attacks the notion that a struggle between two races must of necessity be internecine. In doing this, he mounts for a moment into a higher sphere, and speaks of the unity of the human race itself, in language which is well worthy, at once by its moderation and its fearlessness, of the study of other divines than those of Père Hyacinthe's own Church :—

"I am aware that science has thrown doubt on the common origin of our race, and it is possible that after having led us to a more healthy interpretation of the Bible on the subject of the age of the earth and man, science may some day assist us to a new interpretation of the creation of our first parents. For my own part I do not believe that this is likely to be the case; but while I do not believe it, neither do I fear it. The unity of man resides less in the heart of Adam than in the heart of God, our Creator and Redeemer, by whose tender mercies the day-spring from on high hath visited us. Even granting that our blood were derived from various sources, that the human race had sprung from many original pairs, that the Adam and Eve of Genesis were but the types of several historic or rather pre-historic Adams and Eves, neither my faith in religion nor in humanity would be shaken; there would still remain the one Creator who had breathed the breath of life into the primitive clay, the one and the same Redeemer who had restored us to the image and likeness which we had all lost together. *Ipsius enim et genus sumus*, says St. Paul, 'We also are His offspring.'"

He then proceeds to treat of the two questions which, he supposes truly, are at the root of the present struggle—the unity of Germany on the one hand, the integrity of France on the other hand. Let us take his opening of the first of those two problems :—

"Now I say at once that I cannot look upon the establishment of German unity as an evil, and I say this in spite of the prejudices of a part of my countrymen and of the authority of eminent men whose judgment on so many other points I respect as both wise and sound. I say it with less hesitation because this is not an opinion taken up by me after the event. I took no part in those paroxysms of patriotism which

followed Sadowa; and in the pulpit of Notre Dame, when handling these questions at their summits, where they come into contact with morals and religion, I used every effort to show that her neighbours were no dangerous competitors of France, but rather friendly rivals, and natural allies, and in many respects even useful models. I say therefore that France had no cause for uneasiness at the formation of a first-class political and military power at her very doors, and that the unity of Germany need not have been looked upon either as a humiliation or a menace.

"Certainly not a humiliation, for it is with nations as with individuals: when, like France, they are really great, it is not necessary to level everything around for their greatness to be more apparent. The true elements of a nation's greatness lie in herself—in the regular progressive development of her institutions, and in the growth of material prosperity, or still more of moral and intellectual wealth. To seek for greatness abroad by arrogant interference in foreign affairs is both an illusion and a crime; it is a policy of envy, and of all policies none is so inconsistent with the ancient glory and the heroic nature of France.

"Nor was German unity a menace. Had France but spoken in those tones which are as persuasive on the lips of a nation as of an individual; had she but proclaimed her determination to respect the liberty of Germany in everything that bore on its internal organization; had she but repudiated all intention of conquest in respect to the provinces on the Rhine, which had no more desire to be French than Alsace and Lorraine have to be German; had she but refrained from making any movement towards the sacred river along whose waters roll the historical and legendary traditions of Germany—had she done this, she would not have had any German invasion to fear, or in the case of such an impossible invasion she would have had the whole of Europe on her side.

"It was thus neither our interest nor our right to oppose the unity of Germany. I am not afraid to say that our interest was rather to forward that unity. There are certain results against which no opposition can prevail, because their accomplishment is part of the nature of things; the nation demands them, the logical development of its history leads to them as if by a fate; they seem plainly to be part of the order of Providence. The policy of an intelligent nation ought to foresee these events, and instead of opposing obstacles to them which can never be of use and are sure ultimately to be turned against herself, will give them a free scope, and thus secure them to her own service. This the Imperial Government saw at once, and I am the more glad to render it this justice, because it is a justice for a long time withheld. The phantoms of Italian unity and German unity which so troubled France never disturbed the Government. The flag which it

unfurled at Magenta and Solferino was justly said by the Emperor to have 'a great cause before it and a great people behind it,' and after the startling campaign of 1866 his Government announced, in a celebrated State paper, that France regarded with calmness the establishment of a new condition of things in Europe. But unfortunately the Empire was blinded by a passion for personal government. It never understood that loyal alliance between liberty and the crown, which is at once the glory and the happiness of England, and being determined in home matters to resist to the utmost that genuine public feeling which was urging it towards liberty in its foreign policy it yielded to the most baseless requirements of a feeling which was not that of the country. It adopted towards Italy, and still more towards Prussia, an attitude of defiance and menace, which turned allies into enemies, and which finally dragged it, and us with it, into the abyss. I hope I have shown that it was not the real interests of France that were antagonistic to German unity, but the prejudices of party and the passion of a factitious national honour, worked upon by the detestable unworthy calculations of dynastic ambition."

We confine ourselves to the first of these theses, not because the second is not powerfully stated, but because it is the first that is so remarkable in the mouth of a Frenchman. It would be difficult to find anywhere in Germany or in England a juster and calmer view of the attitude which France ought to have taken, and by taking which she would have avoided the greatest humiliation recorded in the annals of history. And if there be any Frenchman who was entitled to take this view, it was the preacher who had ventured to protest against the insane pretensions of his countrymen long ago, in the pulpit of Notre Dame, and who even after the capitulation of Sedan, when another illusion, less culpable but almost equally fatal, took possession of their minds, thus expressed himself in a letter which we have obtained permission to publish:—

"I am distressed, but not astonished; and since the commencement I have never had any hesitation. The war was *unjust* in the manner of its declaration, *stupid* in the manner in which it has been carried on, and must lead to catastrophes of which I fear we have as yet only seen the terrible commencement. It is an iron scourge in the hands of God for chastising those two grand criminals—France and the

Empire—the Government by which for twenty years we have been oppressed, and the nation which has borne its fetters with so much readiness, and has rushed with such spirit into the abyss of scepticism and profligacy.

"No doubt Prussia is also very guilty, nor am I one of those who would excuse her political robberies in Denmark and Germany, or the savagery of her soldiers in France. But the pride and ferocity of Nebuchadnezzar and the Chaldeans were employed by God for the punishment of His faithful people.

"If I were a Prussian or a German, I would tell my country the plain and wholesome truth, as I have tried to do to France; and if they forbade me to speak, as they have here, I would still confess the sins of my people.

"And while on the subject of the Bible, let me remind you that the Prophet Jeremiah exhorted the King of Judah to submit to Babylon for a time, that he might save Jerusalem from destruction and the people from death. Against the impossible no one need contend. There is no dishonour in yielding to the force of things and the laws of the Almighty; and I am persuaded that there is more real patriotism in an honourable peace, even on hard terms, than in that spurious honour which is driving the nation to butchery rather than battle."

We do not dwell on what Père Hyacinthe says of the necessity for the Germans to respect the integrity of France. It is perhaps equally true, but being more obvious at least in a Frenchman, may be taken for granted. Only we cannot forbear to cite his remarks on Alsace and Lorraine, because there also he has had the sense, so rare in politicians, or in ecclesiastics, of distinguishing between what is essential and secondary,—of recognizing that what he cannot but regard with bitter sorrow is yet not necessarily fatal to the greatness and the future of his country:

"Hitherto I have said nothing of Alsace and Lorraine, and my silence has been intentional. Although so hotly debated on both sides, the question appears to me only a secondary one. It has nothing to do with the real ground of the quarrel, and the undue importance assigned to it both by Germany and France has been one of the most futile, though at the same time most fruitful, causes of the prolongation of the strife. For myself, I have too high and too just an idea of my country to confound her moral integrity with her material integrity upon this point, or to believe that the mere possession of two provinces is so essential to her greatness that if she lost them she would forfeit her high pre-eminence in Europe. English history itself proves the con-

trary. When we retook Calais, the town which was spoken of as a loaded pistol directed against the heart of France, that event was looked upon in England as a public misfortune, and your queen went to her tomb with the fatal name of Calais engraved upon her heart. But what Englishman of the present day ever regrets the loss of Calais? And just so it will be, I doubt not, if Strasbourg and Metz are taken away from us. It is less for their strategic importance that we cling so tenaciously to those two cities than for the heroic loyalty which they have displayed towards France, and which France owes to them. Alsace and Lorraine desire to remain French, and they will prove it by their votes, as they have declared it by shedding their blood; and it is the duty of France, both to them and to herself, not to abandon them.

"On the other hand, Germany is wrong in regarding the annexation of these provinces as a final guarantee against aggression from our side. Let the new German Empire be moderate as well as strong, and she will have nothing to fear from the attacks of a neighbour who will be at once weakened and grateful. Whatever opinion others may have, I believe in the gratitude of nations, and more especially in that of my own generous country. The true guarantees for Germany are the relations of good neighbourhood, and a sincere and permanent alliance with us; and the best pledge of such an alliance would be to allow Alsace and Lorraine to continue in the national unity of France. Those provinces you will say are German, both by history and language, and I willingly admit it; but they are pervaded by the spirit of France, and they are ours by the energy and persistence of their patriotism. Alsace and Lorraine form a natural and living bond between these two great nations. They are, as it were, the hand, I might almost say the heart, of Germany, reposing affectionately in the hand and heart of France."

The idea expressed in the last paragraph occurs in M. Renan's letter to the *Journal des Débats* in answer to Strauss, but it is there disfigured by the fantastic paradox that the loss of these two provinces would be the destruction of the French nation.

Assuredly it is not without reason that in the letter above cited the Père Hyacinthe dwells on the example and teaching of the Prophet Jeremiah. For the circumstances which encompassed the fall of the Jewish monarchy are so like to those which have encompassed the fall of the French Empire, that the comparison springs almost spontaneously to the mind. And if in the midst of

these circumstances any one figure presents itself to us resembling the ancient Prophet of Anathoth, it is that of the gentle-hearted priest, whose deep anguish for his country's woes is only equalled by his stern condemnation of its sins, by his deep insight into its high destinies.

But there is a yet profounder resemblance when we come to his ecclesiastical position. Jeremiah (so it has been said in describing his life in connection with the Jewish history) was "the victim of one of the strongest of human passions, the hatred of priests against a priest who attacks his own order, the hatred of prophets against a prophet who ventures to have a voice and will of his own." This is exactly the trial of the eloquent French preacher. It is not necessary to recall the previous events in Père Hyacinthe's career—his devotion to his profession, the enthusiasm with which he entered the Carmelite order, the gradual awakening of his mind to the hollowness of the exaggerated system of modern monasticism, and of the modern Papal Court, when the discharge of his duties as the first preacher of France brought him into contact with the great realities of human life; the constant petty restraints attempted to be imposed upon him by the Court of Rome and the Ultramontane party; the augmentation of his difficulties as the Ecumenical Council drew nearer, which, as was clearly foreseen by him, was to be made the instrument of binding on the Catholic Church the ever-increasing burden of superstition and of despotism. Then it was that he raised his impassioned Protestation, in his letter of Sept. 20, 1869, and retired from his convent into private life. The excommunication which followed on this step was in itself merely one of those legal formalities in which the Church of Rome deals, and which the Pope could have reversed by one stroke of his pen. Nothing was needed, had the ecclesiastical authorities so willed, for his restoration to his sacerdotal functions, than to release him from his monastic obligations by what is called an act of secularization. "This," said a distinguished Roman Catholic divine,

"this is what the Court of Rome can do, and will do if it is sufficiently frightened." This, however, it has not done; and the Père Hyacinthe, whilst still retaining the name under which he became famous, is virtually excluded from all ecclesiastical functions.

But he has not on this account renounced either his priesthood or his Church. In the "Discours," and in the "Appel," his position is defined with the utmost clearness. The grandeur of the position of the Roman Catholic Church is not denied. The principles of its historical "continuity," of its geographical "universality," are fully recognized. But he maintains that since the rupture of ancient Christendom into two great Churches of East and West, both apostolic, both catholic, both orthodox, yet hostile,—and still more, of Western Christendom into the various Protestant Churches—"the primitive synthesis," as he quaintly but powerfully expresses it, "has been dissolved into an immense and confused analysis." And yet again, after the Council of the Vatican, even more than after the Council of Trent, "the Roman Church has become a particular Church," one against many. "All the Churches are imperfect, and consequently none is sufficient for itself: all, in order to remount to the perfect Church, have need of each other at the same time that they have need of God."

Such is his view of the Roman Church in itself. His view of his own relations to it is best given in the words of his Appel. He demands to be "restored"—

"I do not say to my Church, for from that I have never separated myself—but to the Ministry which for nearly twenty years I have exercised in her name, but which, in the new conditions that have arisen, I did not believe that I could honestly continue."

"I am not separating myself from the holy Catholic faith, nor from the Church of my baptism and of my priesthood. If the venerated heads of the Church receive my humble appeal, I will resume in obedience, at the same time as in honour and honesty, a ministry which has been the unique passion of my youth, the unique ambition of

my life, and which my conscience alone has forced me reluctantly to abandon. If, on the contrary, they reply to me only by condemnation or silence, I shall not be disturbed in my affection for a Church greater than those who govern it, stronger than those who defend it; and—retaining the heritage which has been bequeathed to me by my fathers, and which cannot be torn from me by excommunications which, being unjust, are therefore invalid—I shall strive to bring to the preparation of the kingdom of God upon earth the unfettered and independent action which is the common privilege of all true Christians."

What he feels, however, is that, under these circumstances, and in order to avoid "henceforward, for my friends as for myself, the misunderstandings attending on any steps not taken in the broad light of day," his position shall be clearly recognized. He therefore, in the first place, calls upon the Bishops of the Church

"to tell us whether the decrees of the recent Council are or are not binding on our faith. In an assembly in which the first conditions ought to be the entire freedom of discussion, and the moral unanimity of the votes, it is well known that Bishops, considerable by their numbers, by the authority of their learning and their character, have complained loudly and repeatedly of restrictions of every kind imposed on their liberty, and have refused to take part in the final decision. Is it possible that on returning to their dioceses, as if awaking from a long dream, they have acquired a retrospective certainty of having actually enjoyed, during their sojourn at Rome, a moral independence of which at the time they were not conscious? The very supposition is an insult. There is no question here of a mystery above human reason, but simply of a fact of personal experience; and a change of opinion in such a case is not to submit reason to authority, but to sacrifice conscience itself.

"If it be so, we remain free after as before the Council to reject the infallibility of the Pope as a doctrine unknown to ecclesiastical antiquity and resting only on apocryphal writings, concerning which criticism has pronounced its final judgment.

"We remain free to declare openly and loyally that we decline to accept the recent Encyclical Letters and the 'Syllabus,' which their most intelligent champions are constrained to interpret in opposition to their natural sense and to the well-known intention of their author, and of which the result, if these documents were treated seriously, would be to establish a radical incompatibility between the duty of a faithful Catholic and the duty of an impartial student and of a free citizen.

"Such are the most salient points on which

the schism exists. Every Catholic who has regard for the integrity and dignity of his faith—every priest who has at heart the honesty of his profession—has the right to interrogate the Bishops on these points; and the Bishops are bound to answer, without reticence and without subterfuge.

"It is this reticence and these subterfuges which have been our ruin; and the time is come to restore to our Church the antique sincerity of early faith, which in these latter days has lost its vigour."

What he further demands is that "the nineteenth century shall have its Catholic Reformation as the sixteenth had its Protestant Reformation."

This Reformation he delineates after the manner of Rosmini under the mystic figure of the Five Wounds.¹ We refer our readers to his own burning words for their description. They may be briefly summed up as,—

1st. The withdrawal of the Bible, and the false relations of Religion to Science.

2ndly. The oppression of the intellect and the conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power.

3rdly. The compulsory celibacy of the clergy.

4thly. The worldly policy of the Roman Church as concentrated in the exaggerated despotism of the Pope.

5thly. The external and material devotions multiplied without measure; "the veneration of saints, especially of the Blessed Virgin, developed in a proportion and yet more with a character foreign to the true sentiment of Catholicism, and leading to a sensible diminution of that worship of the Father in spirit and in truth which Jesus has made the soul of His religion."

It will be seen that in these demands, taken by themselves, there is nothing more than has been already said by Popes and by saints, or than is even now thought by hundreds of devout

members, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, of the Roman Catholic Church. What is peculiar to Father Hyacinthe's position and utterance is that what others have expressed separately and disjointedly he has combined in one form, and yet further that, amongst all these secret allies of true religion and true reason in the bosom of the ancient Church, he alone, or almost alone, has had the courage and the wisdom to express his convictions in the face of day, firm in the desire for the "restoration, in ecclesiastical matters, of that publicity which is the only worthy and only efficacious policy."

As his Protest against the Papal dogma in September 1869 was the first cry which broke the silence of the Bishops and of the leading laity and ecclesiastics before it was proclaimed, so his Appeal now is the only or almost only cry which has expressed their suppressed convictions after its proclamation. They all have since that time either submitted or are silent. They all acquiesce either in act or by reticence in what many of them have declared that they know to be a fable. They all shrink from expressing publicly their indignation at those five causes of the ruin and weakness of their Church, which they many of them feel with him, but bury in what M. Renan calls "an angelic silence."

What will be the issue of the general struggle in the Church no human foresight can tell. Whether the great crisis through which Europe has passed, and is passing, shall deliver the Roman Church from its bondage, or rivet its chains still more firmly; whether the French clergy, awaking from their dream, shall resolve to make a regenerated Church worthy of a regenerated nation, and as a pledge of their willingness shall receive back into the pulpit of Notre Dame the greatest of their living preachers; whether the Papacy will succeed (through the weakness and indifference of Italian statesmen, through the fortuitous co-operation of designing ecclesiastics and short-sighted Liberals, and, alas! must we not add, through

¹ It may be thought that the limitation of the maladies of the Roman Church to these five too much leaves out of sight the wider disease of untruthfulness and disregard of the higher laws of justice, judgment, and charity. But this, alas! is not peculiar to the Church of Rome, and it is of the Church of Rome alone that Father Hyacinthe speaks.

the unexpected encouragment of Lord Acton) in establishing a spiritual tyranny more complete than that which under the necessary restraints of a temporal sovereignty was in some degree checked and limited; or whether the Italian nation itself shall rise to the level of their great opportunity, and insist on having a Bishop of Rome worthy of the capital of a free and illustrious country, not as at present the tool or the flatterer of foreign powers, and the avowed enemy of all spiritual and intellectual freedom—these are questions which the boldest seer would shrink from attempting to answer. And, even if we look only at the nearer and personal future of the noble-minded ecclesiastic whose utterances we have here too briefly noticed, they would be rash diviners who in the presence of so many dangers to the right hand and to the left, with the recollection of so many who have fallen under the terrors or the seductions of the great party which assumes to itself the name of “the Catholic Church,”—we may add, under the fascination, no less formidable, of the violent reactions against it,—should venture to predict that he will walk erect where so many have stumbled, that he will go firmly forward to the end, when so many have been led astray into tortuous bypaths and safe hiding-places. But of this we feel sure, that if he remains true to himself, and to the position which he has chosen for himself,—true to his own gentle, upright, refined, discriminating perceptions of right and wrong, of truth

and falsehood,—true to the desire of developing the Christian faith and Christian institutions which he has inherited from the Church of his fathers, instead of adopting afresh the mixed truth and falsehood of other Churches,—he has a prospect before him such as no ecclesiastic in the Church of Rome has had, at least within this century. This prospect would be indefinitely brightened and enlarged if either the French or the Italian Church would frankly open the door to his ministrations. But if, on the other hand, the violence of the times, and the arts of his enemies, should exclude him from his rightful position, and condemn him to a life of independent and isolated action, there is still a wide field left to him in the judgment of all who value the union of devotion and truth, humility and courage. And, whatever may be the fruits of his labour, his work itself will not have been in vain.

“Amongst the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind.

‘Servant of God, well done! Well hast
thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care—
To stand approved in sight of God, though
worlds
Judged thee perverse.’”

A. P. S.

ENGLAND'S DEFENCE AGAINST HERSELF.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

ENGLAND is in full crisis, and the hearts of many sincere and thoughtful patriots are sad within them. It is not the Philistines, but the Flagellants who are upon us. Our foes are not those who come to bind or to slay us, but those who tell us, with painful iteration, that we are already bound or self-slain. These political and patriotic flagellants, who could do no harm if they did not pass for our friends and Mentors, are scourging us into repentance and self-abasement. They wield their whips remorselessly, and take a fierce pleasure in our pains, a grim pride in their own prophecies. They whisper strange, disquieting words in our ears, and they seek to hurry us onward, to mad deeds or to madder declarations. None are so patriotic, so far-seeing, so brave-tempered as they, and yet their counsels are unwise and their faith is fanaticism. They are of all classes, from full-blooded Radicals to tender-hearted Tories; from politicians no deeper than a patty-pan to Positivists assumedly more profound than their master. The whips they wield have many tails. They dash cynicism with sentiment, drape fact with figure, and degrade philosophy with bullying, and all to the same end—to demonstrate that by so much as we obey them not, by so much are we hastening to our decline and fall. The vision and the faculty divine is theirs, and theirs alone. If England is to be saved at all, it must be by them. Their faith is immense—in themselves; and they career about, whip in hand, lamentation on lip, and fierce scowl on brow, until there is great danger that men should lose their senses, and leave their settled ideas to roam and to rage with the fierceness of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages.

This mood of self-depreciation is not

of yesterday. There is a vein of melancholy in the English character, and now and then it crops out, and is made the most of by agitators and disappointed politicians. It frequently assumes the prophetic form, but none of its prophecies are ever realized. The gloomy Flagellants of the sixteenth century, who remembered the initial letters of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, of Mary, of Philip, and Elizabeth, used to say—

“When hempe is spun,
England's done.”

Lord Bacon, who is our authority for the prophecy, slyly states that it was verified only in the change of name, “for the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain.” Similar prophecies, as strangely fulfilled, will occur to the historic student. My only object in adverting to them now is to show that Englishmen have a traditional sensitiveness as to the future, and that the fact is so well known to political agitators as to render strong minds suspicious of all appeals that may be made to it. The stock reference of the visionary men of science, falsely so called, is Galileo; the ideal of all Flagellants is Jeremiah; the one class appeals to the future to justify, the other appeals to it to warn.

This mood has been growing upon us steadily for the last few years, and where it has produced healthy changes or wise legislation it is not to be condemned. But no true observer is content with magnifying present evils so as to produce future calamity. He cannot wrench away the present from the past, and his patriotism is not to be proved by lamentation so much as by faith. The political scepticism of many otherwise good men is a standing marvel. Whatever we do or leave undone, it is all the

same. Now we are told that civilization has its appointed course from east to west, and that Russia will one day efface England. Anon, we are warned that a second William the Norman will invade and conquer this country. Our own domestic policy is disintegrating or destroying the Empire. Revolution is in the air. Abroad, we are neither loved nor feared; at home, we are eaten up with pauperism, ignorance, and crime. Our great cities are destroying us, our race is physically degenerating, and our courage, moral and personal, is in rapid decline. We are beaten by one nation in technical science, by another in organization, and by a third in actual economy. Wealth we can pile up in soaring Babels of confusion, trade we can push, ships we can build, continents explore, books we can write, of genius we have plenty; and yet, amidst all these unquestionable advantages, our position amongst the nations is not what it once was, and "Happy England" is no longer a compliment, but a bitter satire. We have swung ourselves off the track of progress, hardened our hearts, and blinded our eyes; and, presently, we shall perish in the very height of our selfishness and pride. The faint outlines of fact are visible in all these complainings, or they would pass for the dreams of hypochondriacs. Pauperism, ignorance, and commercial absorption are evident; but none of these, as may easily be shown, are so much subjects for gloomy vaticination as for honest and manly effort. "The more work, the more lion," is a sound principle, in national as well as individual affairs.

Criticisms and anticipations of this kind are just now, unhappily, common. Spectators of a terrible war, we have found our moral judgment and our social sympathy at variance. We are separated into groups and divided into camps, and we fight out, in public or in private, our little verbal wars with amusing recklessness and not a little conceit. It is a war on a technical point of honour, and it ought never to have commenced, or, having reached a certain point, it ought to have ended; and England's duty was to

have prevented alike its beginning and its continuance. But, no, we are powerless. Time was when we could have telegraphed a dozen words and stopped the march of hostile battalions, or penned a despatch which should have startled kings, like the old handwriting on the wall. Then, we had statesmen, and armies, and navies, and no fear of loss of personal ease or of increased income-tax; now, we have manikins, and skeleton battalions, and craven hearts, and we give two glances at our national debt for one at our national honour. This depreciating, querulous, and spiritless tone is infecting us like an epidemic; and no wonder, for we find it everywhere,—in the market, on 'Change, in the weekly and daily press, and in the slow-moving quarterlies, which need not administer drastic, depressing doses to the thoughtful and the brave. But it is neither warranted by the facts of the case, nor likely to do us good, nor the best display we can make of the patriotism which burns, like a holy light, in the breast of every true Englishman.

Let me glance for a while at one or two fallacies which meet us at every turn. It is said that our position in Europe has declined. I deny it, resolutely and emphatically. Our advice is unheeded, and we are told. We whisper where we ought to thunder. Let us see if it be so. When the question of Prince Leopold's candidature came up, and proved so distasteful to France, what did we do? We used our influence to induce Prussia to remove the stumbling-block, and, virtually, it was removed, not because Prussia feared a war with France, but because she respected the counsels and the friendship of England. Bullying would have been out of place, and would have effected nothing. France was reminded that England could not sanction war upon such a pretext. Napoleon's friendship for us would have compelled him to listen, but for his constant intrigues with the war-party, and the national antagonism his inspired journals had aroused. Our advice was rejected, and France suffers for it. Has this destroyed

the soundness or the wisdom of our diplomacy? Belgium seemed threatened. In spite of our reduced armaments, we secured the ratification of a new and temporary treaty, and yet long before our 20,000 men could have been recruited, or we could have landed an efficient force, either France or Germany could have proceeded to despoil Belgium, preparatory to final annexation or division. Take the Russian case. Prince Gortschakoff selected his opportunity and despatched his missive. If it be right to say that he would never have penned such a document but for our manifest weakness, it is equally right to say that he would never have despatched it at all, but proceeded to act against the special clauses of the Treaty of 1856 he complained of, had he not been certain that we should fight. At any other time the tone of the despatch might have been different—we owe much of that to the patriotic shriekers whose screams may easily be taken by shallow foreigners for the voice of English public feeling—but its fate would have been precisely the same. Take another case—the German complaints as to our non-benevolent neutrality. These kind of reproaches are to be expected. They are, in so many words, a tribute to our power. A strong neutral Power, as Machiavelli reminded the Ambassador at Rome, for Leo X., “ought to calculate upon the hatred of the conquered and the contempt of the conqueror,” but it can “laugh at hatred if it can preserve itself from contempt.” Germany was no doubt disappointed at our attitude from the first clear danger of war, but her grumbling cannot be construed into contempt, and we have no right to assume, from newspaper virulence, that Germany is seriously disaffected towards us, any more than we have to assume that the United States is permanently hostile to this country because the war-claims are still unsettled, and General Butler truckles to Fenians and demagogues. We may be disliked on the Continent, but this dislike does not proceed from any belief in our impotence or our timidity. When England comes

to be pitied instead of being abused, to be passed by in silence instead of being solicited for aid and counsel in serious emergencies, we may consider that to be a fact which at present is only a very sorry fiction. The dislike of other European nations is half envy and half fear. England sits so securely on her island-throne, is so rich and prosperous, and so far removed from frontier squabbles, and the infectious influence of the revolutionary movement, that those who do not bid for our sympathy or beg for our assistance are disposed to grumble at our serenity and to arouse our choler.

Upon one point, at any rate, wise continental observers estimate us much more truly than do many of our home satirists. They have not yet come to believe in the decline of our physical courage; and if Prince Gortschakoff made an experiment partly in that direction, he has long since received his answer. Some people think that we shall never fight, even in a good cause, which, thank Heaven, is now a necessity for us; but they are woefully mistaken. When Fox praised the Revolutionists in 1802, Coleridge said, in the *Post*, “that he had suffered himself to forget they were Frenchmen;” and when our modern advisers dispraise us, they are open to the retort that they forget we are Englishmen. What is the foundation of our litigiousness, our field-sports, our athletics, our Alpine adventuring, and our geographical explorations? Surely not weakness, timidity, or soft-heartedness. Does any common English soldier believe that Strasburg would not have been taken by storm days before it capitulated, if English troops had been besieging it? or that Metz would not have held out, or done something, if 100,000 English soldiers had been inside it? These are test questions, and their answers would suffice to discomfit any modern Flagellant who should try to *exploiter* a soldier of the line, or even a stalwart militiaman. We may require, as I have hinted, a better cause than formerly, but I am persuaded that we should fight better. Courage is a com-

pound of many qualities; and unless it can be shown that we are being unmade by commercial success, or climatal changes, or social life, or for the want of systematic physical training, it suffices to say that Englishmen have never yet proved themselves to be cowards.

But, urge the more political, who have made our decline part of their stock-in-trade, having purchased it of bankrupt Conservatives,—England's advice may be as sound and her heart as strong and her vision as clear and bright as ever, but she is not "in a position to make her advice felt." The last few words come over and over again in every speech that rings with the falsetto, lugubriously patriotic tone. The unanimity of these speakers and writers is wonderful. I confess to more doubt as to what they mean. If we could write it large, in many cases it would mean, "The more expense the more glory;" in others, "Our Party ought to be in power;" and in yet a third series, "If we cannot maintain our position abroad, we shall sink into the inglorious condition of Holland." Tearing up the phrase I have quoted from at least a score speeches and a dozen or two of leading articles, what fibre do we find? Nothing more than this—advice given by England is worth nothing, and will be treated as nothing, unless we are armed to give weight to it. Our statesmen are to speak, as it were, from the front of serried battalions. As well might we say that logic, to be convincing, should be backed with a blow from a mailed hand. The glove gives no weight to truth or force to advice, unless they take a threatening form, and then it may be effective. It would have made no difference to Germany, ere the war broke out, nor yet to France, if we had had a force under arms of 250,000 men, unless we had said that we should take a side, and throw our weight into the scale, the wisdom of doing which is quite another question altogether. If we are to give moral advice, let it be moral. We can rebuke without fighting it out, and we have not proved the soundness

of our opinion when we have won a battle or routed an army. It is far better to speak from a reserve of power, in the past, as well as in the present; and the statesmen who should think to make England's voice heard, where it would not otherwise be, by the mere fact of our having an army—say of 250,000 men—would be grievously disappointed. Height of wisdom and number of soldiers are two very different things. Russia will very soon be able to muster more men under arms than any other European Power, but I cannot suppose that her advice will be any the sounder or the more desired, or that she will make her influence more appreciable in difficulties where wise diplomacy and not brute force is the true solvent.

Mr. Harrison, however, goes much further than anybody else, as is his wont. He is bold enough to pen a remarkable article on his favourite bugbear, German militarism and aggression, and to style it "The Effacement of England."¹ It is idle to attempt to cure his Teutophobia; but when he contends that the defeat and the territorial reduction of France are the effacement of England, he is bound to do more than pen splendid sentences to embody his hatred of the House of Hohenzollern and the Junkerism of the Prussian army. Would he have England rise up and out-rival Germany in military preparation and pursuits? If so, we can understand that kind of policy very well, though it hardly squares with previous remarks he has made in the same review, on the curse of a blood-tax. If he believes that the military ascendancy of France is necessary to European civilization, and that without this ascendancy England will be degraded in the European commonwealth, he has simply proved it to be necessary for England to arm in her own interests, and not for England to interfere in those of France. He pleads "the interests of civilization," as against the success of Germany and the defeat of France. He is forgiving towards France,

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, February.

relentless towards Germany, conveniently dropping out of his mind all modern French history and manœuvring that would tell against his case, and compressing all Prussian history and traditions into the present, in order to make the German Emperor a compound of pious Isabella and devouring Attila, and Bismarck a discreet mixture of Hildebrand, Fouché, and Mephistopheles. It is recorded of a Catholic bishop that he was so credulous as to be unable to find sufficient matter for belief in the Roman Catechism and the Lives of the Saints, and hence he appropriated and digested all the fairy tales within his reach. Mr. Harrison is a worthy successor, and when he tells us that French cities have been "not once but twenty, thirty, forty times bombarded and burnt;" that the war has been "carried on for five months after France had sued for peace in the dust;" and that Paris has been set on fire and its monuments reduced "to ashes;" we are inclined to think that he must have read French papers to swell his imagination, and German ones to inflame his hate, and must then, like the well-known editor of the *Estates-will Gazette*, have "combined his information." But, not to pursue this matter further, it may suffice to say that in what the effacement of England consists is a greater mystery when Mr. Harrison's rabid deliverance is finished than it was before. I can compare it to nothing better than the pleading of a famous lawyer, of whom it was said—

"Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without."

There is real danger in this peevish, despairing patriotism. Ideas and not facts are most potent in times of great excitement. Many terrible convulsions, as Coleridge has pointed out, have been wrought by such phrases as the "rights of man," the "sovereignty of the people;" and the French nation would hardly have rushed into war with such light-heartedness and jubilation, but for the idea so carefully sown broadcast through the press, that Prussia menaced France. Englishmen are slower to move, but

when once moved they do not easily cool, and their wrath is a steady flame. This notion of the decline of England is just the idea to make a sensible impression, if repeated often enough, and to bring about some mighty catastrophe. It makes an appeal to every man's pride, and it is not every one who has the courage or the knowledge to resist and to refute such a daintily-rigged fallacy as this has become. The ordinary citizen only comprehends our foreign influence through the assistance of his daily or weekly newspaper: and when it tells him that it is declining; that we are not "in a position to make our advice felt" abroad, as formerly; that people believe, on the Continent, that John Bull has no more fighting in him, and that we shall hug our money-bags and cotton-bales "amidst the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds"—which is a poetic rendering of Mr. Harrison's more recent prophetic outburst—he is likely to lose his temper, to forget that he pays income-tax, and to demand war to the knife on the very first reasonable or unreasonable opportunity. Many journalists, and, as one of them, I say it with some reluctance, seem to forget that Englishmen have mettle in them, and may be goaded into folly in order to prove it. An impertinent dangler, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, succeeded in effecting the discomfiture of the first woman by "persuading her that she was not so wise as she should be;" and I know of no surer way to make a man rash and headstrong than to preach to him homilies on the lack of personal courage. If they were wiser, journalists would shy their inkstands at such a tempter, even at the risk of being accused of having hallucinations. Such ideas unsettle, paralyse, and unman a brave and high-spirited people. A nation's estimate of itself is the measure of its power, and morbid introspection and fidgety pulse-feeling never yet did good to human beings, or to those congeries of beings we call nations. There are always timid individuals in the world, and men who can exert their genius as Shakespeare did, though like him, when anything is

to be done, they excel in playing the part of a *ghost*; but the true, kindly, and staunch patriot would never think of consorting with them, or taking his cue from them. Courageous natures draw timid ones after them, as the soft notes follow the sharp ones in a dumb-peal; and whenever a crisis occurs their leadership should be clear, decisive, and manly. If strong words be necessary, by all means let them be uttered; but let the truth be spoken, without peevishness or unhealthy depreciation. Be the worst as near as it may, it has to be faced, and we cannot do it with shaking limbs or hot tears in our eyes.

At present, England needs to be defended more against herself than any foreign foe. We are tormented with our opinions of things, and not with realities. We need to be more self-reliant, and carry our heads erect, and clear of the clouds. This unhealthy distrust and moping sentimentality is shrivelling up our very manhood. There is more real pluck in many a French soldier, interned in Germany, than in half-a-dozen polite and polished Englishmen who agree that we are rapidly going to the dogs, or something else. It is well to dart a strong question or two across the minds of such misanthropes. In what does England's greatness consist? And in what has it declined? Because we have not a splendid army, and it is not ready for immediate use, we may close our book of fate, and welcome the grip of Germany or the hug of Russia! One is really ashamed, sometimes, to listen to the manifold changes rung on these words. I do not say that we can, or we must, remain contented with our present military power or system. Even Russia has remodelled hers, and yet I am not aware that the Czar's people quivered all over with panic at the very idea that it was necessary, which is just what Englishmen are doing, creaking out their sorrows, meanwhile, like an old willow-tree widening its cracks in the wind. It is not the necessity which need occasion alarm; it is the process whereby some have arrived at it, and the

mood in which they desire others to face it. A real danger—say, the immediate prospect of war with Russia—would brace us all like a dry cold wind, and we should cheerfully prepare to do our part. But there are so many bugbears, one fears to name them, lest the ridicule which belongs to the inventors should cover the narrator.

In one of his fragments, Lord Bacon discourses on the true greatness of Britain. He sets himself to correct four errors—that greatness consists of largeness of territory, riches, fruitfulness of soil, or fortified towns; and affirms, on the contrary, that true greatness requires “a fit situation,” “consisteth essentially in *population and breed of men*,” in “the value and military disposition of the people,” in the fact “that *every common subject by the poll be fit to make a soldier*,” in the “temper of the Government fit to keep the people in *good heart and courage*,” and in “the commandment of the sea.” Now, nothing but a huge convulsion of nature can alter our position or climate, and we may justly blame ourselves for the want of every other quality he names, if any be wanting. We ought to make “every common subject by the poll” fit to be a soldier, and to keep the people “in good heart and courage.” How can we do these things? Certainly not by giving the rein to melancholy, or by assisting in the production of panics. We must be protected, as much against ourselves as against any foe who may choose to assail us; the one being quite as important as the other. The play-impulse, as Schiller termed it, is still common amongst us, and athletics of all kinds sustain and develop it, correcting the softness engendered by city life, and increasing the physical health we hardly prize as we ought to do. We have only to utilize this impulse and to extend it, and we have laid a foundation for any army-system we may devise. Let drill form part of all our school discipline, in the primary schools now being established under the Elementary Education Act, no less than in higher

and more adult ones, and we shall have fewer bodily deformities, sounder health, and a more vigorous morality. We need fear no eruption of the military fever, and yet we should have gained, at an immense saving, power to make a soldier as quickly as he can be made in Switzerland—that is, in a month or five weeks; whereas now, what with defective education and late instruction, the English soldier “never is but always to be made.” In any rational scheme of education, physical exercises should form a part of the daily round. Of what avail is it to have mastered all the sciences if we never proceed to apply them? The teaching of physiology is much advocated by many, and with wisdom; but, in the years before even its bare rudiments can be understood, much may be done to give vigorous health to all. It is perhaps the greatest anomaly in our present system—I omit public schools and universities—that we prepare the young for a future sedentary life by an almost entirely sedentary education. If they like to play, we provide grounds, but let us systematize a natural impulse, and a corrective will have been applied, for the present no less than the future. The delicate boy will not join in rough play, whilst he would really enjoy the simpler forms of drill and profit by them. We may depend upon it that there is quite as much “in population and breed of men,” as Lord Bacon thought, if not more, and educational reformers would do well not to turn a deaf ear to such suggestions as have been made on the subject of early drill by Professor Huxley, Mr. Chadwick, and others.

Another step leads us forward to some form of a national army, necessary alike to maintain our obligations, defend our shores, and keep us “in good heart and courage.” When we experienced our last invasion panic, we stumbled across the true principle, but we neither saw it nor made the best of it. Volunteering is good as a preparation for something better, but inadequate in itself. We have only to stay the annual suspension of the

militia ballot, to fall back upon the permanent law of the country, and it will be easy for us to work out through existing agents, either the Prussian, or what finds still more favour, the Swiss, military system. The word “retrograde” should not frighten us, inasmuch as, Professor Cairnes’ remarks, war carried on by entire populations “is the danger against which we have to provide;” and, furthermore, because whatever may be the aggressive impressionable character of the Prussian system, the popular basis of the army is not so much to blame as “the political constitution of Prussia.” Englishmen have too many safeguards to render it possible to use a popular army for unpopular and dynastic or retrograde purposes. If we consent to regard every adult male, with specified exceptions, as by law and fact a soldier, we cannot withdraw his political rights, or in any way interfere in their exercise. The ballot will ensure his protection, and we may safely trust him to make known his wish and will. He has a free press to assist him, and public opinion, in the long run, never fails to make itself heard in the House of Commons. A widened suffrage relieves us from fear upon many grounds, and the traditions of our aristocratic and cultivated classes are broad and healthy, and free, on international questions, at any rate, from the taint of Junkerism. At present, our army has its own peculiar feelings and prepossessions; and if they are not worthy of being designated as a caste, they are sufficiently marked off from those of the common people to be considered somewhat anti-democratic. To largely increase a class outside of political institutions, and strongly impregnated with notions not entertained by the people, is surely a greater danger to liberty than is possible in any national army, where the control is almost exclusively Parliamentary and not Royal. Centuries of struggle have destroyed all

¹ See “A National or a Standing Army?” in the *Fortnightly Review* for February—an article which should be read by all true patriots.

chance of the army of England, however constituted, being wielded by a Sovereign against the people, and in the parliamentary character of its management and direction we have a potent guarantee of freedom and progress.

But those who dread our militarism, even whilst they make perfervid appeals to it, and laugh at our industrialism whilst they heap their scorn upon the feudal, fanatical war-spirit of our neighbours, are guilty of a perceptible twist in their arguments, and a manifest aberration in their moral vision. If we are so excessively industrial, why need there be any fear of our militarism? And, if we are by nature so excessively military, what becomes of their terrible man-eater — a selfish, money-making, Manchester Pekinism? The real fact of the matter is, that our industrial pursuits and our military defensiveness would touch each other precisely where they would bring a physical and moral law of compensation into play. We need some physical pursuits to correct our industrial ones. They stunt the growth of the young, diminish individual vigour, and increase our death-rate. Our reserves of physical health are the agricultural counties, but we should not draw upon them so heavily as we do, if by any means, by improved sanitary measures, no less than by physical education, we could increase the vigour of the adult males in our cities and manufacturing towns, and correspondingly, the vitality of our infants. I have not seen this part of the question treated as it deserves, and it is worth quite as much attention as international vigour and morality. Our industrial tendencies are certain to check and balance any military ones; to round off our force with domesticity, so to speak, just as the sea separates us from frontier troubles and the military fevers of the Continent. The citizen soldier would have his pugnacity softened by his homefulness, his struggle for existence, and his future plans. Englishmen, as a rule, have to work harder, and pay more for food and clothes, than the common run of Germans and Frenchmen, and these facts

are not to be omitted in our forecast. Before the military fever could transform the plodding, massive, and slow-burning Englishman, there would have to be immense havoc made with our "taproots," as Carlyle calls them; and as they constitute our "breed of men," physically and morally, it is not wise to flurly ourselves with imaginary fears, or to assume that any reversion to the fundamental basis of our national defence will work a miracle of obliteration, either in personal or political character.

We must not forget the sea. It is our "ring of marriage" with all nations, and Bacon justly says, that to be master of it is "an abridgement of a monarchy." Actium, Lepanto, the Armada defeat, Trafalgar, the Nile, and many other naval fights, have left their mark upon the world. A good navy, constructed on the latest scientific principles, is part of England's defence against herself, no less than a popular or a national army. Our foreign possessions, our commerce, our very existence and security, may depend upon our ships. If we lose the empire of the sea, there is no compensation. Even the uprising of the bed of the Channel, and the reunion of this country to the Continent, would be but a poor substitute for it. We have made our vow to the sea-gods, and we must keep it or perish.

A word or two on another matter quite germane to what I have already written. If we are to complete our defence against ourselves, we must have some clearer notion of what does, and what does not, constitute a healthy and vigorous foreign policy. On these points, as yet, no two Englishmen are agreed. The old problem of disinterestedness projects itself into our politics. If we are too self-regarding, we become isolated and narrow; and if we surrender ourselves to capricious selfishness, we are guilty of a species of moral insanity, and "meddle and muddle" is the practical result. Nevertheless, non-intervention, if not too crudely and rigidly followed, is the only philosophic doctrine. Nations are nothing more than collections of communities—a truism, no doubt, but

see how it applies. A, B, C, and D have different dwellings, and are friends, but they hold diverse political, religious, and domestic creeds. They allow for these differences, and do not trespass on each other's rights. They meet as citizens, and so far harmoniously. They exchange ideas, but resent interference. Let B or D violate some known social law or *convenience*, and he must take the consequences; but if he infringes the liberty, or enters the dwelling, or despoils the property of one of the others, without reason or sufficient provocation, each one will redress his own wrongs, or may assist the others, directly, by personal aid, or indirectly, by legal action or adjudication. This is the lower form of the doctrine of non-intervention, and shows how it may and should be broken. In other words, it is toleration, covering nations, instead of individuals. The intervention doctrine, if stated as simply, means that A shall presume to dictate to B in the interests of C, and join D and C in coercing B; or, that any one shall, by virtue of his power or position, assume to partially or wholly regulate the internal affairs, or exercise a veto on the personal quarrels or modes of redress, of all or any of the others, whether they concern him, his treaties or his obligations, or not. Now, there are three possible lines of foreign policy. There is, first, a general agreement to preserve a given equilibrium, known as the balance of power, and treaties to that effect to be observed—a policy which has never yet been faithfully executed, and, in the nature of things, cannot be. Secondly, there is a policy of intercourse, sympathy, and assistance, based on identity of race, similarity of institutions, and a general affinity of ideas, political and social. Obviously, this has a very restricted sphere, as no two respectable nations, in or out of Europe, hold precisely all these relations to each other. Thirdly, there is a sort of Zollverein policy, founded on commercial treaties, or declared right and privilege in

trading affairs. The three lines intersect each other continually, and only the latter has any promise of clearness and stability amidst complex conditions. "Interests of civilization" must be reduced into plainer terms before we can deal with it. It may mean our old friend, "the balance of power," which forbids national expansion, spontaneous or otherwise; or identity of social and political interests, which is a point in the argument to be proved, and must not be begged; or it may mean joint enterprise in industrial life and social development. Under any circumstances, however, each nation must, to some extent, be an *enclave*, and cannot be expected to issue from it to make war or interfere for some vague impalpable dream of social or scientific reconstruction. If ideals of this kind are permitted to guide a foreign policy, nations will always be at variance, and the most advanced will exercise an irritating and pernicious influence on their less fortunate neighbours.

A strong, self-reliant, self-defended nation can never lose her moral power or her international position. She is "absolved to herself," and she will not have to wait for the verdict of the world. Power is the natural heritage of such a state, and it is thus that England illumines the past. She will not hold her own in the future by merely fretting at the temporary supremacy of a friendly nation, or the temporary overshadowing of an old ally. We have no right, as Mr. Gladstone justly says, "to wrap ourselves up in an absolute and selfish isolation. We have a history, we have traditions; we have living, constant, perpetual, and multiplied intercourse and contact with every people in Europe." We could not do so, if we tried, and we shall not try. Our cosmopolitanism corrects our patriotism, and there is sometimes equal need that the latter should chasten and restrain the former. But between meddlingness and supposed selfishness, there is a whole heaven.

ON ART AS AN AIM IN LIFE.

"Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen
 Trieb mich, durch Wald und Wiesen hinzugehn,
 Und unter tausend heissen Thränen
 Fühlte ich mir eine Welt entstehn."—GOETHE.

How was it that he knew it? ay, or where
 Beholding an immortal in the air
 Fixed he for aye, with swift touch unafraid,
 That vision of the vision of a maid,
 Whose hands are dropped, whose glowing eyes aspire
 To some half-seen concent and heavenly quire,
 While at her sacred feet forgotten lie
 The useless tools of mortal minstrelsy?

True type of Art, which, never long content,
 Can feed her flame with song or instrument,
 Still from the bright supernal dream must draw
 Light on her brows, and language, and a law,
 If she her glorious message would renew,
 Live her great life, and make the picture true,
 Where stand that musical sweet maid anear
 Saint and evangelist and sage and seer;
 They watch Cecilia's eyes, but not for them
 Opens on earth the heaven's Jerusalem.

Thou whom with thrills, like the first thrills that stir
 In a girl's heart when Love is waking her,
 With set of soul like the blind strength that sways
 Beneath the moon's clear face the watery ways,
 God from a child has chosen and set apart
 For this one priesthood and last shrine of Art,
 See thou maintain thy calling; take no heed
 Of such as tell thee there is little need
 Of beauty on the earth till peace be here,
 That, till some true sun make the world less drear,
 All vainly flush in thy thin air withdrawn
 Auroral streamers of the untimely dawn.

They err; no other way as yet is known
 With God's dim purpose to unite our own,
 Except for each to follow as he can
 The central impulse that has made him man,
 Live his true self, and find his work and rest
 In toil or pleasure where that self is best.

And hast thou chosen then? canst thou endure
The purging change of frost and calenture;
Accept the sick recoil, the weary pain
Of senses heightened, keener nerves and brain—
Suffer and love, love much and suffer long—
And live thro' all, and at the last be strong?

For hard the Aonian heights, and far and few
Their starry memories who have won thereto;
Who to the end loved love, who still the same
Followed lifelong the lonely road to fame;
And fame they found, with so great heart had they
Traversed that open unfrequented way.
Have courage; follow; yet no heart have I,
O soul elect, thy pains to prophecy,
Loth to myself to speak them, loth to know
That creatures born for love are born for woe.

Ay, if all else be spared thee, none the less
Enough, enough to bear is loneliness—
The hope that still, till hope with days be done,
Must seek the perfect friend and find not one;
Not one of all whom thine eyes' mastering flame
At will enkindles and at will can tame—
Not one, O woman, of men strong and free
Whom thy mere presence makes the slaves of thee,
Yet thy king comes not, and the golden door
To thy heart's heart is shut for evermore.

Then oft thy very pulse shall sink away
Sick with the length of disenchanted day,
And after midnight, when the moon looks cold
On lawn and skies grey-azure and grey-gold,
So soft a passion to thy heart shall creep,
To change the dreamful for the dreamless sleep,
That turning round on that unrestful gloom
And peopled silence of thy lonely room,
Thou shalt need all the strength that God can give
Simply to live, my friend, simply to live.

Thou in that hour rejoice, since only thus
Can thy proud heart grow wholly piteous,
Thus only to the world thy speech can flow
Charged with the sad authority of woe;
Since no man nurtured in the shade can sing
To a true note our psalm of conquering;
Warriors must chant it, whom our own eyes see
Red from the battle and more bruised than we,
Men who have borne the worst, have known the whole,
Have felt the last abeyance of the soul,

Low in the dust with rigid face have lain,
Self-scorned, self-spoiled, self-hated, and self-slain.

Since all alike we bear, but all apart,
One human anguish hidden at the heart,
All with eyes faint, with hopes that half endure,
Seek in the vault our vanished Cynosure,
And strain our helpless carage, and essay
Thro' flood and fire the innavigable way.

In such dark places truth lies hid, and still
Man's wisdom comes on man against his will,
And his stern sibyl, ere her tale she tell,
Shows the shapes coiling at the gate of hell.¹

Such be thy sorrows, yet methinks for them
Thine Art herself has help and requiem;
Ah, when some painter, God-encompassed,
Finds the pure passion, lives among the dead—
When angel eyes regarding thee enthral
Thy spirit in the light angelical,
And heaven and hope and all thy memories seem
Mixed with their being in a lovely dream—
What place for anger? what to thee is this
That foe and friend judge justly or amiss?
No man can help or harm thee; far away
Their voices sound and like thin air are they;
Thou with the primal Beauty art alone,
And tears forgotten and a world thine own.

How oft Fate's sharpest blows shall leave thee strong
With some re-risen ecstasy of song!
How oft the unforgetten message bound
In great sonatas and a stormy sound
Shall seize thee and constrain thee, and make thee sure
That *this* is true, and *this*, and these endure,—
Being at the root of all things, lying low,
Being Life, and Love, and God has willed it so.

Ah, strange the bond that in one great life binds
All master-moments of all master-minds!
Strange the one clan that years nor wars destroy,
The undispersed co-heritage of joy!
Strange that howe'er the sundering ages roll,
From age to age shall soul encounter soul,
Across the dying times, the world's dim roar,
Speak each with each, and live for evermore!
So have I seen in some deep wood divine

¹ "Ma le fatiche, e voi, famosi affanni,
Risvegliate il pensier che in ozio giace,
Mostrategli quel colle alto che face
Salir dai bassi ai più sublimi scanni!"—RAPHAEL.

The dark and silvery stems of birch and pine;
 Apart they sprang, rough earth between them lay
 Tangled with brambles and with briars, but they
 Met at their summits, and a rushing breeze
 Unlocked the topmost murmur of the trees.

If only thou to thine own self couldst be
 As kind as God and Nature are to thee!
 They lade thy bark for nought, they pile thereon
 With vain largess the golden cargason,
 If with thy royal joys not yet content
 Thou needs must lavish all, till all be spent,
 If thou wilt change for hurrying loves that die
 Thy strength, thine art, thine immortality,
 If thou wilt see thy sweet soul burned like myrrh
 Before such gods as have no gift for her.¹

For even when once was God well pleased to shed
 His thousand glories on a single head,
 Amid our baffled lives and struggles dim,
 To make one fair and all fair things for him—
 Ah, what avail the eyes, the heart of flame,
 The angel nature in the angel name?
 Amid his fadeless art he fades away
 Fair as his pictures but more frail than they,
 Leaves deathless shrines, wherein sweet spirits dwell,
 But not, not yet, the soul of Raphael.

Yet there are lives that mid the trampling throng
 With their prime beauty bloom at evensong,
 Souls that with no confusing flutter rise,
 Spread their wings once, and sail in Paradise,
 Hearts for whom God has judged it best to know
 Only by hearsay sin and waste and woe,
 Bright to come hither and to travel hence
 Bright as they came, and wise in innocence;
 So simply fair, so brave and unbeguiled,
 Set Christ among the twelve the wiser child.
 Wilt thou forget? forget not; keep apart
 A certain faithful silence in the heart;
 Speak to no friend thereof, and rare and slow
 Let thine own thoughts to that their treasure go:—
 Ay, an unconscious look, a broken tone,
 A soft breath near thee timing with thine own,
 These are thy treasures; dearer these to thee
 Than the whole store of lifelong memory;

¹ "Tal che tanto ardo che nè mar nè fiume
 Spegner potrian quel foco, ma piace
 Poich' il mio ardor tanto di ben mi face
 Ch' ardendo ognor più d'arder mi consuma."—RAPHAEL.

Dearer than joys and passions, for indeed
Those are blown blossoms, this the single seed,
And life is winter for it, death is spring,
And God the sun and heaven the harvesting.

Oh would that life and strength and spirit and song
Could come so flowing, could endure so long,
As might suffice a little at least to praise
The charm and glory of these latter days—
To let the captive thoughts a moment fly
That rise unsummoned and unspoken die!
Oh were I there when oft in some still place
Imagined music flushes in the face,
And silent and sonorous, to and fro,
Thro' the rais'd head the marching phrases flow!
Were mine the fame, when all the air is fire
With light and life and beauty and desire,
When one, when one thro' all the electric throng
Hurtles the jewel arrows of her song,—
Then crashed from tier on tier, from hand and tongue,
The ringing glory makes an old world young!
O marvel, that deep-hid in earth should lie
So many a seed and source of harmony,
Which age on age have slept, and in an hour
Surge in a sea and flame into a flower;
Which are a mystery; which having wist
From his great heart the master-melodist
Strikes till the strong chords tremble and abound
With tyrannous reversion of sweet sound,
Till bar on bar, till quivering string on string,
Break from their maker, are alive and sing,
With force for ever on all hearts to roll
Wave after wave the ocean of his soul!

Yet ah how feeble, ah how faint and low
The organ peals, the silver trumpets blow!
Alas, the glorious thoughts which never yet
Have found a sound in fugue or canzonet,
Nor can the pain of their delight declare
With magic of sweet figures and blue air!
Oh could one once by grace of God disclose
The heart's last sigh, the secret of the rose!
But once set free the soul, and breathe away
Life in the light of one transcendent day!

Not thus has God ordained it; nay, but He
To silent hearts is present silently;
He waits till in thee perish pride and shame,
Sense of thyself, and all thy thoughts of fame;

Then when thy task is over, His begun,
He leads thy soul where all the Arts are one—
Leads to His shrine, and has of old unfurled
To chosen eyes the wonder of the world.
Then let no life but His, no love be near,
Only in thought be even the dearest dear!
No sound or touch must kindle or control
This mounting joy, this sabbath of the soul:
He gives a lonely rapture; ay, as now
From this dark height and Sanminiato's brow,
Watching the beautiful ensanguined day
From Belosguardo fade and Fiesole,—
Oh look how bridge and river, and dome and spire
Become one glory in the rose-red fire,
Till starlit Arno thro' the vale shall shine
And sweep to sea the roar of Apennine!
This is the spirit's worship: even so,
I ween that in a dream and long ago,
Wearing together in her happy hour
The fruit of life and life's enchanting flower,
Herself, alone, essential and divine,
Came his own Florence to the Florentine,
And lily-sceptred in his vision stood
A city like the soul of womanhood.

FLORENCE, Jan. 1871.

THE EDUCATION OF ENGINEERS.

EVER since engineering became a recognized profession, the question how an engineer ought to be educated has been more or less subject of discussion. Till quite lately, indeed, the majority of the profession in this country have held that training rather than education formed the fittest preparation, but there has always been a section, and latterly an increasing one, who urge that engineering should be regarded as a scientific pursuit, requiring in its votaries a scientific education, and recently the opinions of those holding this opinion have rapidly gained ground. The attention of the general public was lately drawn to the subject in Mr. Scott Russell's great work¹ on technical education—a work which has not yet attracted the notice that the importance of the subject and his treatment of it deserve—while almost simultaneously with the appearance of that book, the evidence given by Professor Fleeming Jenkin and other scientific men before the Select Committee of 1868 testified to the extremely unsatisfactory condition of engineering education. And now more lately the Institution of Civil Engineers has published the report² drawn up by Dr. Pole at its instance, on the system which obtains in France and Germany. This able paper shows in a very striking light the difference between the systematic and elaborate procedure enforced in those countries, with their splendid and costly State-supported establishments, and the easy-going unmethodic state of things obtaining here, where the test of qualification is practically limited by the sole condition of ability to pay an

apprentice fee. Engineering education in the proper sense of the term does not in fact exist at present in this country; whether the pupil obtains even a practical training, by making use of his opportunities, depends solely on himself. That is his business, not his master's. But attached to Dr. Pole's report is a collection of papers containing the opinions of several leading civil engineers on the subject, which have at the present time a special interest. For while a few of the writers would appear to regard the existing state of things with complacency, the majority are fully impressed with the need for change; and the elaborate conditions in the way of preliminary scientific education which some would impose on intending pupils, indicate plainly the insufficiency in their opinion of the practice which now prevails, and more than one writer expresses unqualified anxiety at the superiority he considers is being attained by the continental engineers, and would establish a rigorous method of preparation for our engineers of the same kind as that which the former undergo. And it must be confessed that in respect of education the engineering profession is behind every other which claims to be a liberal one. It shares indeed with the Bar the peculiarity that no test of qualification is needed for practising, and with the medical profession the condition of pupillage; but the reform of legal education is impending, and, happily for the public, the young medical practitioner's training does not end with the picking up odd scraps of knowledge in his master's dispensary, but his pupillage is supplemented by a course of methodical lectures, and an examination must be passed before he is allowed to practise.

Yet sufficient reasons are not wanting

¹ "Systematic Technical Education for the English People." By J. Scott Russell, Esq. (London: Bradbury and Evans, 1869.)

² "The Education and Status of Civil Engineers, in the United Kingdom and in Foreign Countries." (London, 1870.)

to explain why this state of things should have obtained up to the present time. Engineering, in one respect, is analogous to the military profession. Tactics and army organization are seldom improved during war. In such times moral and physical qualities give the ascendancy, but the theoretical education of the troops stands still. When once the ship leaves port, the success of the voyage depends on the skill of the crew, but the hull and rig cannot be altered till it returns to port. So with armies. The lessons learnt and the appliances matured during peace have then to be put in application, and when men are engaged in the actual work of fighting, invention and improvement cease. The Napoleonic wars led to scarcely any changes in tactics or development of fire-arms and artillery; the Prussian military machine, as we now see it, has been entirely constructed during a time of peace. The same sort of thing holds good with respect to engineering. Since the time when the discovery of railroads created a sudden demand for a large body of engineers, the great works which have so altered the face of the country and the social condition of England have been carried out, so to speak, in a hurry. The thirty years that ended with the financial crisis of 1866 were a season of engineering bustle, and the great works then in course of being carried out formed, beyond question, the best possible school for training in what is emphatically a practical business. When the enemy is invading a country, its youth must rush to arms and not be kept at school to work at history and fortification; nor would a physician shut himself up in his closet to study medical philosophy, while the plague is raging about him. So with engineering. The times have hitherto been too full of active work to permit of leisure and reflection on the best way of preparing to do it. But now a pause has occurred in the stress of active work, and the time has come for deliberately reviewing the wants and deficiencies of our practice, and replacing the rough-and-ready training

heretofore recognized as sufficient, by a more systematic method. As the opportunities for obtaining practical experience become more difficult to obtain and at best present themselves later in life, it behoves those embarking in the profession to make up for these disadvantages by better study and preparation, while those who have its reputation and interest at heart will not be backward to aid in the needful measure of reform.

But that prejudice against reform which is apt to distinguish the senior members of a profession; which has hitherto stopped the way against all efforts for raising the standard of qualification for the Bar; which still permits any ignorant lad from the lower form of a grammar school to enter, wholly unprepared and unfit, on the study of medicine and surgery; and which has converted one of our universities into a mill for grinding up mathematics and two dead languages, to the neglect, until of late years, of every other branch of science and philosophy: this same spirit of dislike to change appears in an equally strong form among some of the leading civil engineers. Nor is it surprising that men of great ability, like the seniors of this profession, should be prejudiced in favour of a system which has given them their own success; for it is no doubt the case, although the truth may not often be distinctly apprehended, that where the general standard of education is lowest, the conditions are precisely those most favourable to the display of exceptional abilities. It is in primitive states of warfare that physical prowess carries the highest value: the tendency of education is to place men more on a level with each other. Further, the pupilage system works better than might be expected, because the pupils having been much in excess of the requirements of the profession, the masters have been able to select only the best for subsequent employment. It is this process of elimination which secures the high standard of ability we find in the upper ranks of the profession, but it involves a grievous waste of power. A high authority, in

his evidence before the Select Committee of 1868, estimates that at least three-fourths of those who enter the offices of civil and mechanical engineers fail to make any use of the opportunity, and disappear from the active practice of the profession, their time and their friends' money having been simply thrown away.

But in fact the system, when the facts are naturally stated, is absolutely indefensible. For admission to become an engineer the only needful condition is the capacity to pay a fee. Some engineers indeed will only receive pupils they take a fancy to, or who they think are likely to turn out creditably, and some will not take pupils at all, from a conscientious feeling that they have either not the leisure to look after them properly, or not sufficient opportunities to offer for affording experience; but others make the reception of pupils a considerable part of their professional income, and practically anybody who has from three to five hundred guineas at his command will have no difficulty in finding an engineer willing to receive his son as a pupil, no matter how dull or ignorant the lad may be. The indentures signed, the pupil's education henceforward rests with himself. If pushing and industrious, and if his master has works on hand to employ him on, he will soon find opportunities for gaining experience, and means of securing leisure for study. But in any case he will probably be left to himself to take his own line. There is seldom any one in the office at leisure to teach those who do not care to learn; and, as generally happens, the pupil starts in perfect ignorance of the business; and when it is considered what attractions the prospect of exchanging school discipline before the usual time for a life of comparative independence is likely to have for idle boys, especially when no ordeal of examinations has to be passed, it is not surprising if the fancy expressed for becoming an engineer should often fail to be accompanied by any real taste for the profession, and that the pupilage system should produce a large proportion of failures.

There is further this peculiar condition of the difference between the engineering and other professions, which alone goes far to explain its conservative tendencies. In the law and medicine the young practitioners start at once on their own account, independent of aid or patronage. Every village has its doctor and attorney, and it will usually be the younger members of the profession who are most alive to the need of reform. But all engineering business is practically in the hands of the seniors, and the only road to employment is through their offices. The body of English engineers are not scattered over the provincial towns, but are collected in Westminster; and, whatever may be the nature and locality of the works undertaken, the project and estimates are, as a rule, framed in London. Thus the young engineer has no opening for setting up business on his own account, but must begin as assistant to some senior. It follows that any movement in the direction of reform must come from above rather than below, nor (as we have remarked) is it surprising that the seniors should regard with complacency the working of a system which has placed them at the top of the profession, and which certainly gives abundant scope for the development of natural ability. And it must be admitted that if the case were really of the kind it is sometimes assumed to be, an unanswerable argument would be supplied in favour of maintaining the present system. If, as often seems to be supposed, it were a question whether the engineer's education should be wholly theoretical or wholly practical, there can be only one answer. Engineering is before everything a practical business, and a man can no more become a useful engineer by mere closet study, than he can become skilful in dealing with the sick by a mere acquaintance with books. A man whose training has been only on works or in workshops will at any rate be able to do again what he has seen done before, whereas no amount of mere study will make a man an expert surveyor or teach him how to get-in-a-found-

dation in a tideway. But while it has to be remarked that the pupilage system does not ensure that this practical experience will be obtained, it is obvious that this alternative choice is not in fact imposed.

What really is required is that every engineer should be properly educated in the scientific principles of construction, and receive in addition the needful practical training. There is no opposition between the two things, but it is the combination of the two that is necessary to form the accomplished engineer, and this at present is only found in exceptional instances.

Other conditions have tended to obscure the clearness of this need. Engineers, as we have observed, do not begin business on their own account, but as subordinates to carry out the works of others. In such posts practical skill is of more value than scientific attainments: it is not until a man rises to the higher posts, and has himself to design works, that the want of theoretical knowledge becomes most felt; and even then the subdivision of employment under which a special class of mathematical engineers has grown up, who make it their business to calculate the strength and work out the needful details of the designs prepared by others—enables many an engineer to bring out projects under his own name, which he would not be competent to prepare without assistance. Whether this combination of labour, in which the practical ideas are suggested by one man, and the conditions needful for the safety of the structure are determined by another, whose name never appears in his matter, but who receives a small fee for his pains; whether such a practice is as favourable to the development of a high standard of engineering excellence as that under which the leading men of the profession should be as conspicuous for their scientific attainments as for their experience and fertility in expedients, may be left to the reader to determine.

On the Continent an entirely different state of things obtains. There the

pupilage system is unknown. In France the civil engineers were at first limited to those in the service of Government; and although latterly there has grown up a large body of engineers in private practice, the whole education is practically directed by the State, and every engineer enters the profession through the Government colleges, and undergoes an elaborate and complete scientific education. Admission to the *École Polytechnique* is obtained by a competition of extreme severity among all the schools of the country, and a still severer competition within its walls determines the selection of a chosen few for the engineering college, the pupils of which are thus the very cream of the young talent of the country, whose further studies are superintended by a staff of professors, numbering some of the most eminent scientific men in Europe. In Prussia the education of engineers is, like everything else, under State control; and to obtain the diploma enabling a man to practise as an engineer, he must go through a sustained course of study at a Government college, extending over several years. The result of this high education is, in the opinion of many observant persons, that the continental engineers are now rapidly taking away the lead from us; and although others contend that English engineering still holds its own, the comparison, even if they were right, would be inconclusive. The continental system, excellent as it is on the scientific side, fails in the insufficient attention given to practical experience, and is therefore defective as a complete preparation for an engineer, just as a medical education of the London schools would be, if it were limited to attendance at lectures, to the exclusion of the practical training afforded by the hospitals attached to them. Further, the business comprised in continental engineering has hitherto constituted an inferior school to that afforded to English engineers, since it contains nothing like the same extent and variety of actual works as have been carried out in this country and the

colonies. And lastly, which is very important, the English, we venture to believe, have a really greater natural capacity for engineering and mechanical work than any other nation, and our countrymen thus start in the race with an advantage of which our deficient education is insufficient wholly to deprive us. The comparison to be valid should therefore be not between English and foreign engineers, but between the body of English engineers, as they are, and as they might be, if their natural abilities were cultivated to the highest point attainable.

It is worth noticing, too, that the men who decry what they call "theory" never disparage such modicum of the article as they may happen themselves to possess. The most bigoted advocate of the rule-of-thumb school will yet allow that some theoretical knowledge is useful if not necessary. One man may stand on practical geometry, another may admit the need for a knowledge of the elementary mechanics, but all will agree as to the need for knowing something; they differ in drawing the line of superfluity at the point each has attained to. On the other hand, the most highly scientific men in the profession will be the first to confess how at every point of their career they find themselves limited by a boundary of ignorance. Engineering science is in fact intimately bound up with all the sciences, and those who have climbed furthest up the height have the widest view of the boundless tracts around them. And if it be replied that the most successful engineers have not been the most learned, or even conspicuous for scientific attainment, the answer is obvious. Men of genius may succeed in spite of deficiencies, but systems are not required for men of genius, nor will the opportunities of the last thirty years occur again; and it behoves the rising school of engineers to make up by careful preparation for the want of those splendid openings which their seniors have turned to such excellent account. Moreover, when it is asserted that men like Brunel and Stephenson

and the other great men of their era have not been highly trained, or highly scientific, it may be rejoined that they were at any rate men as conspicuous for natural mathematical power as for other abilities, and that if they became especially distinguished rather for practical than scientific ability, it was because they had not time for cultivating the latter. A man whose life is passed in being hunted from one committee-room to another, and in attending consultation after consultation, and who has barely time to look at the drawings and reports his busy assistants are preparing for his signature, is not likely to do much in the way of scientific research. But it was not the power which was wanting, and the days when engineers shall be hurried to a premature grave from excess of work are not likely to return.

We have said nothing so far of the various colleges and other institutions which profess to give an engineering education. These are of various kinds, from the universities of Scotland and Ireland, which have their recognized engineering faculties and grant formal diplomas, down to the small private speculations where drawing and a sort of feeble surveying are taught. But the engineering schools at these colleges, real and nominal, are, we believe, at once too numerous and too small. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of opening facilities for such studies in different parts of the kingdom, but the teaching power is thus unduly diffused, while the classes are usually too small for effective teaching, even if all the students were in earnest about learning. But even in the recognized colleges which have an engineering department, the emolument of the instructors usually depends mainly on fees, so that practically all comers must be admitted, and there can be no weeding out of the idle or incompetent, and no enforcement of final tests of qualification. A class of twelve or fifteen young men of various attainments and degrees of ignorance, who may have chosen the engineering faculty of their college as

boys elect for the modern department in some schools, because they have no stomach for regular study, and who may be as little attentive as they please, does not form a very hopeful vehicle for the application of the teacher's power, and these conditions sufficiently explain why the certificate of having passed through the engineering course at one of these colleges often conveys no further signification than that the holder has paid a certain amount in fees. Add to this that at none of these places has sufficient provision been made for the teaching of surveying or any part of the practical business of an engineer, and that the profession generally have given them the cold shoulder, and it may be understood why the attempts at engineering education have so far been an almost total failure.

Having said so much as to the wants of the case, it remains to suggest a remedy, the nature of which will probably have been already apprehended from the conditions stated. Engineering colleges cannot supply the most essential part of an engineer's training, and in this respect must compete hopelessly with the pupillage system, more especially when the only road to practice lies through the latter. On the other hand, the engineer's profession cannot occupy its proper intellectual place so long as no deficiency of education is held sufficient to exclude a young man from an engineer's office provided he can write his own name.

The change of system needed appears therefore to be this, that, retaining the pupillage system, engineers should receive as pupils only well-educated young men. In other words, education should precede, but should not be substituted for, technical training. Both are essential to the efficiency of the profession. Clearly this principle cannot be acted upon by any single engineer; the only result of his making such a resolution would be to divert the proffered apprentice-fee from his pocket to those of less scrupulous persons; the change can only be made by the collective body of the profession. And considering how

slowly all such reforms move, it can hardly be expected that this change will be rapidly effected. What has to be done is to establish some specific course of education, the completion of which shall be deemed to qualify the aspirant for admission to the engineer's office, and the means of pursuing a suitable course have still to be provided. Cambridge and Oxford, which so far have not even recognized in their curriculum of study the creation of this new profession, have to be awakened to the need for meeting the want, and for diverting a portion of their rich endowments to the promotion of one of the great industries of the country; while a machinery has to be devised for establishing and maintaining a standard of proficiency which may be accepted as sufficient. Clearly the standard laid down for themselves, by the various institutions, public as well as private, which depend mainly on their fees for support, could not be accepted as sufficient; and while the effect of such a measure would be to increase largely the influence for good over professional education, of men like Professors Rankine and Jenkin, it would probably involve the abolition of many of the so-called engineering colleges or institutions now in existence. The more solid institutions that remain would give up teaching surveying and such applications of principles as could be better learnt in the engineer's office, and would devote themselves rather to preparation than training. The engineering faculties of colleges would be merged in the more general schools of applied mathematics, physics, and natural science, and the result would be larger classes and better teaching and learning. However, as we said before, so great a reform is not to be looked for in a day, especially considering the many interests involved; but it should not be beyond the united efforts of the Institution of Civil Engineers, if set about heartily; and, when accomplished, the engineers of this country, with their natural capacity and great material advantages, need not fear competition from any quarter of the Continent.

These remarks would not be complete without some notice of the new college which has been just established by the Government for training civil engineers for the Indian service. From papers which we have seen it would appear that the idea arose out of the failure of the plan adopted for the last twelve years of obtaining young engineers by competitive examination. Such a mode of selecting engineers is open to the objection that, while it would fail to test the practical capacity of the candidates, it would tell very unfavourably for the chances of those who had received a practical as opposed to a college training, since the ordinary pupil will usually be unable to pass a competitive, or any other sort of examination. It might, therefore, have been expected, as an effect of this system, that college-trained youths would have carried off all the appointments. But although the test seems to have been lowered to a point at which it ceased to be a guarantee for efficiency of any sort, it was found that a sufficiency of trained men was not forthcoming from any quarter. A ridiculously easy mathematical paper appears to have been the insuperable stumbling-block, and the result has been that nearly one-half of the appointments offered yearly for competition have lapsed from want of men fit to take them up. This is a sufficient commentary on the sort of education given in our engineering colleges. In Germany and France, hundreds of candidates would have been found qualified to pass such a test, but, in fact, such papers would never be set there. Under these circumstances, and as things showed no signs of mending, the Indian Government has at last taken the education of the candidates into its own hands; and by making the entrance examination to the college a general instead of a special one—that is, to embrace the ordinary subjects of education to the exclusion of technical matters—the circle of selection is extended from the small, ill-conducted technical schools to embrace the whole youth of the country. This change is

merely in accordance with the general tendency of the measures lately taken for throwing open the public service; and although the effect of doing so in the present case will be that the selected candidates may enter the new colleges in various stages of preparation, their places being gained by proficiency in mathematics in some cases, in languages in others, and so forth; still the general result will be to secure brains, and with a good raw material in the first instance to work upon, a high standard of final proficiency should be practicable. The candidates having been chosen for their general proficiency, the special technical education is to be given at the college, but provision is made that the greater part of the third year shall be spent on actual work under a civil or mechanical engineer, the necessary pupilage fee being paid by the Government. This arrangement fulfils the canon we have ventured to lay down, that the practical training should follow the theoretical education; but the time proposed appears full short for the purpose. However, it must be admitted that the engineering pupil seldom gets, as matters now go, a longer probation than this on out-of-door work, the major part of his pupilage being usually passed in the drawing office; and as these college students will enter on their practical course after a complete preparation, they should be in a position to make much better use of their opportunities than is the ordinary pupil. And clearly if the practical course is to be lengthened, it could only be done by extending the whole term of college residence, for it would be impossible to contract an adequate theoretical course of study for any profession within a shorter period than two years. Considering, indeed, that a man's whole life is to be passed in practical business, two years appears but a brief time to give to the study of principles, and it seems questionable whether the better plan might not have been to keep the student for the entire three years at the college, leaving him to begin his practical course on getting to India. By such a plan he might cer-

tainly prove less immediately useful on entering the Government service; but in organizing a public department it has to be considered, not only how work can best be got out of a man from the day he begins to receive a salary, but what plan will best ensure ability and culture in the upper ranks of the profession. If the first consideration only were regarded in the English civil service, the only test for admission need be good handwriting, for the young clerk spends his early years in copying letters. But good subordinates, if they have not the basis of a good education, will turn out indifferent superiors, and it is to secure ability in the holders of responsible posts, that efforts are now being made to raise the standard of qualification for admission to the English public service. And looking to the conditions of Indian life, and the deficiency of scientific elements in the official atmosphere of a colony, the preliminary education of the young engineer who has passed his days there can hardly be carried too far. On the other hand, it is clearly of great importance that a young engineer destined for India should have had the opportunity of studying mechanical engineering in a good workshop, or of being employed for a season on some great work under execution with all the appliances of English skill; and we can understand how this consideration shaped out the plan adopted.

We shall be quite prepared to hear that there has been a certain amount of interested opposition to the establishment of this new college, it being but natural that men should view with disfavour the operation of a plan which may have a tendency to reduce their own means of livelihood. But the class of crammers are not likely to meet with much sympathy, and the effect of the change on the colleges which have the means of giving a good education will be more apparent than real, since what may be lost by the small and incomplete engineering branches at such places will be gained in their other departments. In fact, education generally

will be the gainer by the removal of all restrictions as to special courses of preparation, and throwing open this branch of the service to free competition. Admission can now be obtained, not merely by the members of a small section of a college, but by any member of any part of it. At any rate, it is clear that India is not to be sacrificed to the supposed interest of various private speculations, as it would be were not some radical change made in the mode of admitting young engineers to the Indian service. The plan now abolished unduly favoured the pupils of the crammer and the so-called engineering schools, by excluding the merely practical men from the competition, while the inability of the former to make use of the opportunity given them—even to the extent of sending up a sufficient number of men able to pass an examination perfectly contemptible as a test of qualification—is a sufficient commentary on any claim put forward to a monopoly of this branch of the public service. But, in fact, any ground for complaint on this score appears to be met by a clause in the provisions of the new college, to the effect that any candidate who obtains admission may pass out again at once if sufficiently well prepared to undergo the final college test of qualification. Under this rule, a man may secure his final appointment to the public service after a few weeks' residence at the college, or whatever may be the time necessary for properly gauging the candidate's qualifications, which cannot be thoroughly ascertained by any mere paper examination. It must be added, that the result of the competitions for direct appointment during the last twelve years, which have now been discontinued, does not afford the presumption that any extensive use will be made of the privilege.

Among the benefits to be looked for from the formation of this new college, not the least should be the moral influence it will have over this great branch of the Indian service. The creation of those sentiments, under the influence of which each member of a

public service comes to identify the honour and character of the whole body with his own, and under which is engendered a degree of zeal far transcending the ordinary motives of self-interest—the establishment of a high standard of public spirit of this sort is of incalculable benefit to the Government whose servants are actuated by it, and in no way is it more likely to be engendered than under a system where the members of a service are brought up in the association of early fellowship and education together. Haileybury wrought in this way a good that for long was deemed to atone for the patent shortcomings of the place. Haileybury was defective because the nominations to it were made wholly without reference to merit or ability; while the final appointment of the directors' relations thus nominated was secured by fixing the standard of qualification at a point which afforded no protection against the admission of dunces and blockheads to the most important public service in the world. But the maintenance of a reformed Haileybury would have been in no way inconsistent with the establishment of open competition, and its re-establishment in some form as a place where the selected candidates appointed under the present system may be brought together while going through their subsequent probation, is felt by everyone conversant with the subject to be a very serious want, which until reme-

died renders the method of open competition defective in one very essential point.

But a still greater benefit to be expected from this college, if the undertaking is carried out with energy, the staff well selected, and a spirit of hard work infused into the place, consists in the impetus it would give to the extension of scientific education in this country. When, indeed, we have regard to what has been done by foreign governments in this direction, the complete and well-appointed technical colleges of France, Germany, and Switzerland, with their scores of professors, their splendid laboratories and appliances, and their hundreds of eager students flocking to their halls—a college on the limited scale which appears to be contemplated here, and of which all the students are destined for service in a distant colony, can be regarded only as a beginning. Nor can we say unreservedly that the State has come to the aid of science in the matter, since we understand the fees are to be levied on a scale sufficient to cover all charges for the place. Still, as a recognition by the State of the need for the sound scientific training of engineers, and as an effort to raise the existing low standard of technical instruction, the undertaking marks an interesting step in advance, and, if successfully carried out, it cannot fail to have an important influence for good on English scientific education.

PEOPLE'S BOYS.

THIS is a theme which is always old and yet always new. Few persons reach middle life without having something to add to the general stock of experience upon the subject. Few can have been so fortunate as to have had no opportunities of observing the ill effects in after life of bad management in childhood, or as to have escaped the personal annoyance inflicted by foolish parents on all who come in contact with their offspring. But the domestic habits and ideas of one age differ so from those of another, and our old young friend, the spoiled boy, assumes so many new faces, that there is always danger of his not being recognized, and of his unpleasantness to all about him being set down to some other cause than the right one.

In some respects the children of the present day are better off than their fathers were. "Spoiling" no longer takes the shape of giving them too much to eat, or, in the country, of allowing them to run riot among servants and labourers. They are taught habits of greater cleanliness, and their health altogether is probably better looked after. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the spoiling hasn't merely been transferred from the house to the school. Boys no longer fight at Eton because they "funk" each other. All the old rough hardihood which marked the school life of a by-gone generation seems to have disappeared. Many children now are more comfortable at school than at home; and though we do not see our way through the entanglement of ideas thus presented to us, neither can we repress a kind of puzzled feeling that this ought not to be. Children, as a great man said, ought to find "home the happiest place in the world." It is to be hoped that we shall not make our

children in future such little philosophers as not to be over-happy anywhere. However, that is too wide a field of inquiry for the present article, which refers solely to the treatment of children in their own families by their parents, brothers, and sisters.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to *respect* any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman in the North of England—I hope I shall not

be accused of anything very dreadful if I say that both he and his wife belonged to a noble family—wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room, than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slightest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behaviour of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now, any one would think this was going as far as children well could go towards making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice, of allowing children to invade your bed-room in a friend's house, is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast table, whether their early visit has been

to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The little scamps nine times out of ten are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either cannot or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence.

But closely allied with the mistaken licence allowed to children in matters like the above is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus: they don't see the necessity of originals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing anything unlike other children, anything queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, *never laugh at or applaud it*. Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done. If the boy be a boy after all of weak character, his nonsense may be driven out of him at school; if

not, it will only be driven deeper in. Adherence to his "own ways" becomes gradually in his eyes a mark of manly independence, till at last there may come to be no folly or excess which he will not justify to himself on the same grounds. That such men as children must make themselves perfectly odious to all, except their doting relatives, is a trifle. I have seen the finest intellects and the most generous characters wasted and ruined, in consequence of habits in great part attributable to the encouragement of boyish oddities.

What is called "precocity" in children is of course something quite different, nor is the improper encouragement of it attended by the same class of dangers as those we have described above. The danger in this case is, that boys who do not maintain the same relative superiority as they grow up which they maintained in childhood—no uncommon case—may become disgusted with themselves and sink into despondent idlers. There is indeed another bad consequence to be looked for in the opposite direction. A lad of twenty who does not go ahead of his companions as he did at twelve, may refuse to recognize the truth, hug himself in the belief in his own unimpaired excellence, and set down every failure to accident or want of industry. When this habit of mind becomes inveterate, the consequences are frequently disastrous. But they are too well known to be dwelt upon. The former class of consequences have not been so generally observed. But we fancy the secret of many a wasted life is to be found in them. And when we consider, however dry the subject may be to childless persons, when we consider the wonderful powers of observation and assimilation which children possess, how extraordinarily apt they are to catch at anything in their own favour, how they magnify in their own little minds all they hear said about themselves either for good or for evil, it does seem wonderful that parents are not more careful than they generally seem to be with regard to such little matters, fraught as they are with immeasurable consequences, as we have

here described. And before we quit this part of the subject, we would remark, in passing, on the singularly little trouble which parents seem to take to ensure *obedience* from their children. We solitaries see a good deal of this; and suffer from it too. It is perfectly wonderful. "Don't do this, Charley," or, "I told you not to do that, Willy," are phrases with which every *Cœlebs* is perfectly familiar when he goes to stay with his married friend in the country. But what do the little people do? They are abashed just at first in presence of the stranger, but you see that it is *he*, not the *paterfamilias*, who keeps them quiet for the moment, and that influence being worn out in five minutes, in another five minutes they begin again, only to hear the old, empty "don't" repeated, to be disobeyed again for the hundredth time. Men treat their dogs more considerately than they do their children. They *make* their dogs obey, and the animal is happier for having learned his lesson. They don't make their children, and these are very likely miserable for not having learned *theirs*. These things are what we ourselves, we *cœlibes*, see and take note of, and are called brutes for doing so. But the fond parents don't.

But we are wandering. The last kind of "spoiling" that we need refer to is the common form of over-petting and cosseting. This is a lady's question, and *Cœlebs* hardly dare say much about it. Generally speaking, a husband of any sense is able to counteract *that*. Boys must be put upon donkeys and ponies, accustomed to climb trees, and to venture their carcasses upon ice, while they are still light and young, and tumbles don't hurt them, or they never will do so afterwards; and what a pitiable spectacle is that of a grown-up man who can't ride a horse, get a bird's nest, or "go along somehow" on skates without showing the white feather. Ladies love courage. Let mothers reflect on what they themselves thought of a "chicken" before they married, and bring up their boys accordingly.

We now come to the other side of the

question, and have a few words to say to those ineffably foolish parents who keep their children down. This, no doubt, is rather an old-fashioned error, but it is far from being extinct for all that. We have spoken of the mistake which people make by encouraging eccentricities in their children, but they surely make just as great a mistake by checking their natural aspirations. There are in the world people with so little self-confidence, so little knowledge of real life outside their own small circle, that the bare idea of their children being able to distinguish themselves seems to them monstrous. *Experto crede.* These words are not written without warrant for them. Children must not have "too grand ideas." They must not think they are going to do this, that, or the other in the world. They must not attempt to cope with people who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is quite absurd to suppose that in their humble station there can be any of the stuff that makes men wealthy and eminent. It is heresy and wickedness to entertain such an idea. Now, strange as it may seem to the readers of this magazine, there really are people in the world who bring their children up on these principles, who try to crush in its infancy every tendency their children may show to raise themselves in life, and after they grow up would rather see them starve than advance a sixpence to help them in quite legitimate aspirations. It is difficult to get to the bottom of the state of mind in which such parents pass their lives. It seems to be a social conservatism of the stupidest and narrowest kind, though such men are not generally political conservatives. The phenomenon is almost inexplicable, but it exists, if a phenomenon can be said to exist, and it

is opposed to all the healthiest traditions of a free country. A London middle-class solicitor thinks it a monstrous thing that his son should want to go into the army. A man in business thinks it a monstrous thing his son should want to go to Oxford. On the doctrine of chances, probably both governors are Liberals. Don't they see that they are fighting against their own principles? No, they don't; they can't be made to see that. They want to "keep their children down," and what is the result? That, again, is an old story. The high-spirited or the scholarly boy goes to grief in law or business, who might have edited *Æschylus*, or led his regiment over a breach. A middle-class man should be proud of a son who shows fitness for distinguishing himself in professions which are supposed to be the monopoly of the aristocracy.

To come back to the point from which we started—the management, namely, of young children—there is one thing to be laid down: let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference, if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And indeed nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be upon your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he himself the next moment will offend against his own precautions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.

CCELEBS.

UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

A Lecture delivered before the Peace Society.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

GENTLEMEN,—But for the request which you made to me I should not have undertaken to treat this subject. I do not profess to be able to treat it with the fulness and precision it requires, but I cannot refuse to communicate such views as I have at a time when every hint may be valuable, and when a society such as this, prepared and specially organized to avail itself of every hint, asks for my advice.

That war ought, if possible, to be abolished, you are convinced already; and as I am convinced of it too, we might take this point for granted. But I should like very briefly to answer one or two arguments by which many people persuade themselves that war is, if not a good thing, yet a thing which has so much good in it that, considering the immense difficulty of abolishing it, it may on the whole be allowed to continue; or that war is so deeply rooted in human nature, and so closely entangled with what is best in human nature, that the abolition of it would involve the remaking of man, and possibly upon a less noble type. It is very common, in the first place, to hear people say that war is but the natural expression of malignant passions, and therefore that you cannot abolish it except by eradicating those passions first. We must begin, people say, at the root.

"This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth hell;
Down with ambition, avarice, pride;
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind."

The poetry is good, but I cannot admit the reasoning. Is it impossible, then, to

check or prevent bad actions except by eradicating the bad passions from which they spring? If so, civil society itself is based upon a mistake, for civil society has for its principal object the prevention of private war, and it does not proceed by this method. If war between individuals, between townships, between counties, can be prevented without eradicating the passions from which it springs, why not in nations? Yet war between individuals *has* been abolished. Nay, it is easy to point out instances in which war has been permanently abolished between particular nations. England and Scotland fought like cat and dog for centuries, and now they are bound together in an indissoluble concord. Here is a great political achievement. Here we have a triumph of that kind of skill which contrives the happiness of societies. And by what means was this secular feud healed? Was it by first eradicating out of the minds of Englishmen and Scotchmen their mutual dislike? No, but the political and material union came first. The sense of a common interest created a common government, and a common government, by creating the habit of social intercourse, gradually obliterated hostile feelings. The mutual hatred *was* eradicated out of the hearts of the two nations, but this, instead of being the preliminary condition of union, was the last result of it. When we hear it said that Englishmen and Frenchmen, or Frenchmen and Germans, will not for hundreds of years lose their antipathies sufficiently to be united, let us remember the case of England and Scotland, and reply, But they may be united sufficiently to lose their antipathies.

Another argument is, that war, with all its horrors, has something grandly

beneficent about it. It is not the mere medley of destruction and misery that it may appear at first sight. It is not a mere appeal to physical force. On the contrary, a Providential justice constantly guides the issues of war. The weaker side, being in the right, is found unexpectedly triumphant; the arrogant and oppressive power collapses suddenly in the moment of trial. Great entanglements in human affairs are cut through by the sword of war: international disputes that have lasted for ages are decided once for all, and on the whole justly. These appearances of Providential justice, acting on a vast scale, are so elevating and awe-inspiring, that we cannot help thinking the world would be a less sacred place, and human life meaner, if they were to cease. No more Marathons, no more Morgartens! No more plays like the Persae, no more hymns like Isaiah's triumph over Sennacherib! Would not poetry and prophecy lose their highest theme, and mere comfort and vulgar prosperity reign where great conflicts of good and evil had raged, and great Divine dooms been pronounced?

It would be unjust to confound this theory with the mediæval theory which lay at the basis of the wager by battle. Yet it is worth while to remember that our ancestors thought a Providential justice revealed itself in the conflicts of individuals as well as of nations, and yet that the wager of battle fell ultimately out of use, and no one at the present day wishes to revive it. Yet I suppose even that theory of our ancestors was not purely superstitious. The ordeal by battle was not quite simply an appeal to physical force. The consciousness of being wrong did often make one combatant weak, and the consciousness of being right make the other strong. Now and then, it is likely, there occurred some case like that of Scott's Bois-Guilbert, when the spectators unanimously acknowledged with awe the judgment of God. Only, if in such decisions there might be some justice, on the other hand there was not nearly enough of it. The feeling

of a good cause went some way, but physical strength, skill, agility, accident, might decide the contest also. In the meanwhile, was it not open to adopt another course by which the case would be decided on its merits alone? In the ordeal of battle, justice could be only an ingredient; in the legal investigation there might, if sufficient pains were taken, be perfect and unmixed justice.

No doubt in a contest between nations moral forces operate far more powerfully than in a contest between individuals. What makes a nation successful in war is self-devotion and capacity of discipline, quite as much as numbers, wealth, or military science. Now self-devotion and the capacity of discipline are almost identical with virtue, so that in war it may be most truly said that virtue is power. Moreover, the just cause will attract the sympathy of other states, while the unjust cause will alienate them. Again, the just cause will give to a nation unanimity while the war lasts, while the nation that is fighting for the wrong will be apt to grow discontented with the burdens of war, and to paralyse its government by disaffection and disunion. If, then, we may hold that the old trial by battle was not quite a simple appeal to physical force, it is certain that in the case of nations it is very far from being so, and all that poets and prophets have said about the Divine justice revealing itself in the decisions of war may very well be true.

If there were no other way of deciding international disputes, I should find consolation in this. It would be pleasant to think that in the midst of carnage and desolation justice is still, and every now and then signally, vindicated; that even where men abandon themselves to destructive passions, they cannot escape from those laws which are a curb upon destructive passions; that the spirit of order, constructiveness, harmony, broods marvellously over the very chaos of discord. This is just one of those contrasts that poetic imagination takes hold of—the dark cloud threatening to overwhelm the world, and then, while you wait in

consternation, the soft rainbow suddenly and noiselessly girdling it.

But if those ancient prophets who spoke of the Lord of Hosts had lived in our day, I think they would have spoken a very different language. It is in comparison with no justice at all that the justice of war is admirable: compared with any properly organized legal system, it is surely deplorable. As in the other case, if there is some justice in war, there is not anything like enough of it. A proper legal decision is not one into which justice enters, but one into which nothing but justice enters. And unless we suppose in national affairs not merely a Providence, but such a special Providence as we consider it superstitious to suppose in the case of individuals, it is impossible to consider the decisions of war as answering that description. The virtue of a nation is one of its munitions of war: true, but only one among many. Moreover, it is distinct from the justice of the particular cause for which the nation fights. War is a judge that does not look very closely into evidence, but decides according to general testimonies to character. For instance, it may be argued that the defeat of the French in the present war is due to their demoralization, and to the corruption which an immoral government had introduced into their military organization; but all these causes of defeat would have operated equally, had their case against Germany been just, and they would, to all appearance, have been equally unsuccessful.

But suppose war, instead of merely having an element of justice in it, arrived at the just decision as securely as a judge and jury; would it be defensible? You, I believe, say it is not defensible in any case. I should say, that if there were no other way of obtaining international justice, it would be defensible. I think you must yourselves admit that, whether it be defensible or not, war will not be abolished until some other method of settling quarrels has been introduced. You cannot think, when you look at the state of Europe, that your cause is

making much way. Half a century ago it might have been thought that war was merely the guilty game of kings and aristocracies, and that the introduction of popular government would make it obsolete: but I think we have seen enough to convince us that peoples can quarrel as well as kings; that scarcely any cause of war which operated in monarchical Europe will cease to operate in the popular Europe of the future; and that the wars of the peoples will be far more gigantic, more wasteful of blood and suffering, than ever were the wars of the kings. Is it not, then, time to relinquish a course of argument which has been found hitherto convincing to so few—particularly if another course of argument be open to you which all alike are prepared to listen to? So long as you say, War is not defensible in any case, and nations must be prepared to take wrong rather than have recourse to it, you may know by long experience that you preach to deaf ears. But everyone has a sufficiently strong sense of the horrors of war to listen eagerly if you suggest a practicable way of settling international quarrels peaceably. If it once became clear to a large number of people that there is a satisfactory alternative to war, they would instantly begin to look upon war as you do—that is, as the most enormous and intolerable of evils. If people knew clearly what to put in its place, be sure that you would not need any longer to complain of their indifference or coldness in the cause.

Whether rightly or wrongly, most people think the tribunal of war, with all its faults, better than no tribunal at all. You will say, No one proposes to abolish war without substituting anything for it: as a matter of course, arbitration must be substituted for it. But the mistake of all peace advocates I have met with is, that they do not enter into details on the subject of this arbitration in such a way as to convince people that it is feasible. To establish a system of international arbitration is surely not so very simple a thing. It strikes most people as a mere chimera.

The common impression about it—utterly mistaken, as I believe—is that such plans suppose human nature to be far more virtuous than it is ; that it will be time enough to take them into consideration when mankind have been softened by five centuries more of civilization. So long as people think this, and as you do not force them to think otherwise, they will never take seriously into consideration any scheme to abolish war, because they are not prepared to abolish war without an equivalent, and you propose no equivalent that they can regard as practicable. But this indifference that people show is not to be mistaken, as so many peace advocates mistake it, for an insensibility to the evils which war produces. The proper cure for it is not invectives against war or Erckmann-Chatrion novels, admirable as they are. The proper cure for it is a feasible and statesmanlike scheme of arbitration—such a scheme as should take account of details, and provide contrivances to meet practical difficulties. If the Peace Society had such a scheme matured, and practical statesmen ready to defend it and push it, I believe the peace question would instantly pass into a new phase. It would no longer be, as it is now to most people, a question of quarrels settled by war or quarrels not settled at all, the 'wild justice of revenge' or no justice whatever, wild or civilized ; it would then become a question of trial by battle or trial by law, a question to which only one answer can be returned. If it were once shown to be possible to decide international disputes by law, what argument would remain for war, and who would be so insane as to utter a word in excuse for it ? You would see all the indifference you complain of pass away in the twinkling of an eye ; you would find no more occasion for declamation upon the horrors of war, for computing the number of lives lost, the number of orphans made, the number of pipes of blood shed, the ruin of property, the retarding of progress, the prolonging of political servitude, and all the other consequences of this great plague of society. You

would soon discover that the apathy you attribute to callousness was really due to hopelessness, and was dissipated like a mist by the first gleam of rational hope. Instead of meeting with no response, you would soon be astonished at the unanimity and the depth of the sympathy you would excite. You would find that if the work you have undertaken be greater than was ever undertaken before, there was at hand to help you a power far greater than ever politician wielded. If an opinion rising in the people and slowly gathering strength under the influence of rational argument from practical men was able to force the Emancipation of the Negro and Free Trade from cold or reluctant legislatures, be sure that the agitation then roused was an formidable, an almost imperceptible movement, compared with that which would convulse Europe, and overawe governments, and make light of all the world-old traditions of military monarchies, if once men caught sight of the truth that war is not merely a terrible thing or a wasteful thing or an uncivilized thing—all this they have long known—but that it is an unnecessary and abolishable thing. The war-giant, whom now we keep as we keep the hangman, and regard as a detestable but necessary drudge, with what triumphant joy would the liberated populace turn on him ! He would be "slain in puny battle by wives with spits and boys with stones" !

The object of this lecture, then, is to offer some suggestions to those who may wish to find out in what way a system of international arbitration can practically be realized. It will be seen that the introduction of such a system involves a number of vast political changes. This of course will be no news to you, accustomed as you are to hear your scheme called "Utopian." But I shall venture to assert that the scheme, vast as it is, does not really deserve to be called Utopian, because a Utopian scheme is not merely a vast one, but one which proposes an end disproportioned to the means at command ; while the

means available here, the forces and influences that may be called in for the accomplishment of this work, are as enormous as is the difficulty of the work itself.

I shall endeavour to establish the following propositions.

1st. The international system wanted is something essentially different from, and cannot be developed out of, the already existing system by which European affairs are settled in Congresses of the great Powers.

2nd. The system wanted necessarily involves a federation of all the Powers that are to reap the benefits of it.

3rd. In order to be really vigorous and effectual, such a system absolutely requires a federation of the closer kind; that is, a federation not after the model of the late German Bund, but after the model of the United States,—a federation with a complete apparatus of powers, legislative, executive and judicial, and raised above all dependence upon the State governments.

4th. The indispensable condition of success in such a system, is that the power of levying troops be assigned to the federation only, and be absolutely denied to the individual States.

I do not think it can be necessary to be very minute or prolix in explaining that the present system of Congresses is not at all the thing we are in search of. That system is useful for a particular purpose, but our purpose is altogether different. We want something in the nature of a law-court for international differences. Now a European Congress has nothing of the nature of a law-court, and when people call it an Areopagus, or apply to it other appellatives proper to judicial assemblies, they are surely guilty of an inadvertence which needs only to be very briefly indicated. A law-court may of course have many defects, and yet not cease to be a law-court; but the defect of the European Congress is not an incidental and venial but a radical, and therefore fatal defect. What should we think of a judicial bench every member of which was

closely connected by interest with the litigants, and on which in the most important cases the litigants themselves invariably sat? There are cases where the European Congress has worn, perhaps, some superficial appearance of impartiality. When the kingdom of Belgium was constituted, it might be represented that the King of Holland was convened before a European Court, and judgment given against him in the name of the general sense of justice. Who does not know, however, how utterly untrue this description would be? Who does not know that the principal agents in that settlement were thinking of quite other things than the general sense of justice, that a diplomatic contest was waged between England and France, and that the question was not even of the interests, much less of the rights of the parties before the Court, but of reconciling the interests of two of the judges on the bench in such a way as to hinder them from fighting. The judges, in short, so far from being, as judges should be, personally indifferent to the issue of the process, felt the keenest possible interest in it, and never concealed that they did so. The settlement then made was an adjustment of forces, not of rights; it has proved a most important and beneficial settlement, but it does not at all the more on that account deserve to be called judicial.

But it is not principally for such cases that an international court is wanted. The world is in danger not so much from petty differences between Dutch and Belgians as from prodigious outbreaks of national jealousy between France and Germany, England and Russia. Now in these most important cases the European Congress ceases to wear even the superficial appearance of a law-court that it has in the less important ones. That the judges should be avowedly partial is quite enough to strip them of all judicial character; but when the litigants are among the great European Powers, they are *judges in their own cause*. Surely I need not say a word more on this head.

In short, an ambassador cannot possibly be at the same time a judge, and a congress of plenipotentiaries cannot possibly be a law-court. There ought to be no representation of interests on a judicial bench. You have a good court, not where both parties are represented, but where neither.

We are so accustomed to see law-courts which are admirably efficient for private litigation, that it does not at first strike us as a difficult thing to create a satisfactory court for international litigation. We think nothing but the will is wanting. Several new courts have been constituted in our own time in England, and they have worked well enough. What difficulty can there be in constituting one more? A very obvious difficulty! To establish a court within a State is one thing, and how to do it has long been well understood; but it is quite another thing, and a thing which hitherto has never been satisfactorily accomplished, to constitute a court outside the range of any political organization. It must be evident as soon as it is stated that the judicial system of a State is closely connected with its other institutions; that it grows with the growth of the whole, and is modified in its development. Can we imagine the law-courts at Westminster existing in an isolated condition, severed from their vital connection with the other organs of the State? Yet this is analogous to what is proposed when an international court is recommended. Because law-courts thrive under the shelter of a State, it is proposed to set up a law-court, as it were, in the open air—a law-court unconnected with any executive and with any legislative power.

I do not assert that such a court can never be established, simply because there has not yet been any example of it. But I point out that no presumption of its success can be drawn from the success of existing courts, since these courts have succeeded under widely different conditions. Because apples are easily and abundantly produced upon trees, you cannot presume—at least

you cannot count confidently—upon producing them without trees.

But now I go further, and point out that the law-court is not only historically found invariably within the State, but also that it takes all its character and efficiency from the State. For judges cannot constitute themselves, nor can they regulate for themselves all the details of their procedure; and again, judges cease to be judges, and become something essentially different, if their decisions are not enforced. A judge is not simply a person who pleases himself with weighing evidence and pronouncing decisions; he is a person who has been invested with his office by a power recognized to be competent to confer office, and he is also a person whose decisions are regularly enforced by a power recognized to be competent to enforce them. A judge, therefore, or bench of judges, cannot exist in isolation, but stands necessarily connected with other powers—a nominating power, a regulating power, and an enforcing power. But where all these powers meet—a power of nominating officers, a regulating or legislative power, a judicial power, and a power of executing sentences—there you have the complete organization of a State, and thus it is matter of demonstration that a State is implied in a law-court, and, as a necessary consequence, that an international law-court implies an international or federal State.

Perhaps it will be answered, "A State, if you like to call it so, or something almost equivalent to a State, will no doubt be required, but there will be no occasion for anything half so cumbrous or elaborate as the organization of a State generally is. Some federal apparatus must be arranged to regulate and sustain the international court, but the machinery requisite will be of the slightest and most inexpensive kind." Is this so certain? But even if it be certain, still we have a problem of federation before us, and not merely of constituting a law-court. The nations of Europe must constitute themselves into some sort of federation, or the

international court can never come into existence. The judicial assembly is inconceivable without a legislative assembly of some kind, however limited in competence, however rarely summoned; it is inconceivable without officers of some kind executing its sentences.

When once we understand that the question is of forming a confederation of the States of Europe, we naturally refer to the various experiments in federation that history commemorates. What we want to discover, is the slightest bond of federation that will be effectual, for it is evident that the closer the federal bond the more complicated will be the organization required, and the greater the sacrifice demanded of each individual state. Federation, but the slightest possible federation, will be our maxim: the work will be difficult enough in any case; let us reduce the difficulties to the lowest amount.

Now history will suggest to us—that this is the most important thing I have to say to you—that we must abandon this plan, which it is so natural to conceive, of a slight but effectual federation. As we were driven by the very conditions of the problem to the notion of a federation, we shall find ourselves driven by history to the notion of a close federation as the only one which can possibly be effectual. Federation appears in history as a problem often undertaken but seldom successfully solved. We cannot pick from history a number of different types of federation all equally satisfactory and each suited to some particular exigency. On the contrary, what we find is one or two federations which have been successful, and several which have failed helplessly and ignominiously. This may show us that to say that the establishment of an international court involves federation, is to say that it involves the solving of one of the most difficult of problems; and that, so far from making light of the federal apparatus required as something easily arranged, we ought to bestow the most

careful attention upon it as being the part of our task which is most delicate, and in which failure is most to be feared.

I need not go back for instances of unsuccessful federation to the helpless Amphictyonic league of ancient Greece, which afforded a most convenient weapon for the ambition of Philip, nor even to that Holy Roman Empire which was baffled and mocked by Frederick of Prussia. I shall refer to two more modern instances, the German Bund which fell to pieces in 1866, and that old American Confederation which gave way in 1789 to the American Union. Here you have two federations, both of which failed because they were not close enough. The American Confederation ought to be particularly instructive to us, because the causes of its failure were so clearly seen at the time, that it was found possible to replace it by an amended institution which has verified the calculations of its authors by displaying itself to mankind as the one pre-eminently successful federation of history. The German Bund is instructive in another way, as having embraced some of the very nations for whom our proposed federation is intended. Most of the schemes of international arbitration which I have heard broached since the calamities of the last half-year have forced the subject upon our attention, were realized, it seems to me, in the German Bund, and stand condemned in the history of its inefficiency and its fall.

As these two examples show us what to avoid in federation, the American Union shows us what to imitate. When I call this the successful federation *par excellence*, I do not mean to commit myself to a general eulogy of American institutions. The Americans are a nation absorbed in production, a nation, therefore, among whom the higher culture has had to contend with great difficulties: their political life is dragged down by the miscellaneous swarm of emigrants to whom they give power too easily and too soon. Their system may fail in a hundred points, but this does not prevent it from being gloriously

successful as a federation. They have found a higher political unit for mankind; they have found a name greater than that of State; they have created a virtue beyond patriotism. That union of nations, which here is a wish, a Utopia, a religion, has advanced a great step towards practical reality on the other side of the Atlantic. There you have already what seems so chimerical here—States subsisting side by side as amicably as departments or counties; to protect frontiers like that of France no more need for a Metz or a Strasbourg than on the boundary of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; and in the budget of States as large as England no grant for a war establishment. No doubt their circumstances were far more fortunate than ours in Europe, but what they accomplished was an unprecedented thing, while Europe has now the advantage of America's example. But it will be said, If you would abolish war, look anywhere but in that direction. The United States have not long emerged from one of the most gigantic wars in history. True, their peace was interrupted, but they have recovered it: veritable American peace, a peace unknown in Europe, a peace without war establishments. And if their war was gigantic, it must not be confounded with the wars of Europe. No, remember that it was a war against war. It was a war for the principle of union, a war against the principle of division, no more like the wars of Europe than the violence used by a policeman is like criminal violence, or the homicide of the executioner is like murder. Had the Secessionists had their will, two standing armies, or perhaps more, would probably at this moment be confronting each other in America, and the miserable, ruinous system of Europe would be in full operation there. But because the Americans went through one gigantic war, they were able to disarm at the end of it, and may cherish a reasonable hope of never being obliged—at least, within the Union—to wage war again. Well did President Lincoln say that he fought to preserve the Union, and not to abolish

slavery. The preservation of the Union was by much the more important object, for it was the greatest step mankind have yet taken towards the abolition of war.

In spite of their one internal war, then, I say the American Union may be said to have solved the problem of the abolition of war, and we may see there the model which Europe, far superior to America in perfection of culture and in literary and artistic wealth, should imitate in her international relations. Now, this great triumph of the Union was achieved on the very ground upon which an earlier confederation had conspicuously failed in the same undertaking. The two federations may be compared; somewhere among their differences evidently lies the secret of success. Now, they differ mainly in the degree of force and independence given to the federal organization. Where the federal organization was lax, and not decisively disentangled from the State organization, the federation failed: it succeeded when the federal bond was strengthened.

The special lesson which is taught by the experience of the Americans is, that the decrees of the federation must not be handed over for execution to the officials of the separate States, but that the federation must have an independent and separate executive, through which its authority must be brought to bear directly upon individuals. The individual must be distinctly conscious of his obligations to the federation, and of his membership in it: all federations are mockeries that are mere understandings between governments.

I infer that we shall never abolish war in Europe unless we can make up our minds to take up a completely new citizenship. We must cease to be mere Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and must begin to take as much pride in calling ourselves Europeans. Europe must have a constitution, as well as the States that compose it. There must be a European legislature and executive as strong and as important as those that meet and act at Washington. Nor will all this succeed unless the discrepancies of language, race, culture, and religion

can be so far overcome, that by slow degrees the members of the new State may come to value their new citizenship as much, and at last more, than their old; so that when any great trial comes, when State membership draws one way, and Federal membership another, they may, as the Americans did in their trial, deliberately prefer the Union to the State.

I infer, at the same time, that all schemes will fail which propose to unite Europe merely by adding together the States that compose it. The individual, and not merely the State, must enter into a distinct relation to the Federation. In the Federal Legislature of Europe, as in the American Congress, there must be representation by population as well as representation by States.

But still more necessary is it that the federation should have an executive force greater than that of any of its component States. I am at a loss to understand what people mean, who would establish an international court without giving it sufficient power to enforce its decrees, or even without the right of enforcing its decrees. Good advice! Is it by good advice that you think to put down war? If so, remember that you enter a path upon which you have no precedents and no analogies to guide you. If war had never been abolished in any case up to this time, I should not think it worth while to speculate upon the means of abolishing it. But I see that it has been abolished over and over again; that private war has been abolished, that small States constantly at war with each other have become provinces of large ones, and so have lost the right of making war; that England and Scotland, after centuries of war, have attained to a perpetual peace in relation to each other; lastly, that across the Atlantic a number of large States have succeeded, apparently for good, in destroying the possibility of war between each other. In all these cases the same result has been attained in the same way. And it has not been attained by good advice. Do not say, "This is a cynical view; human nature is better than you think; people will

often take good advice if it is honestly offered." When people's minds are calm, I think they are generally very ready to take advice; but when a man's passions are roused, or personal interests threatened, and still more when this happens to a nation, I do not think, I know, that good advice is thrown away. How can we talk of the efficacy of good advice, when we know that six months ago France impatiently refused it, and that Germany refuses it as impatiently now? And what is the use of quoting cases where good advice has averted war, so long as a number of cases can be quoted where it has not? Mankind will be glad to hear how war may be abolished and made obsolete, but you will scarcely get them to take a warm interest in schemes by which it may *perhaps sometimes* be averted.

There has been found hitherto but one substitute for war. It has succeeded over and over again; it succeeds regularly in the long run wherever it can be introduced. This is to take the disputed question out of the hands of the disputants, to refer it to a third party, whose intelligence, impartiality, and diligence have been secured, and to impose his decision upon the parties with overwhelming force. The last step in this process is just as essential as the earlier ones, and if you omit it you may just as well omit them too. This is the lesson we may learn from the fall of the German Bund. To expect that military Powers like Prussia and Austria could be coerced by the Bund, was to put the nurse under the orders of the baby on her lap. Accordingly the Bund existed just so long as Prussia and Austria shrank from a decided quarrel, and fell to pieces at the moment when the emergency arrived which it existed to meet.

For precluding war it is not sufficient that the power of justice should be a little greater than the power of the disputing parties. Justice must be so overwhelmingly superior that resistance may be out of the question. Therefore it was found impossible to tolerate the armies of retainers that the feudal lords of the Middle Ages kept on foot. Now, how

to make the federal force of Europe superior to the force of any one State, say France or Prussia? The history of the last two centuries shows that the combined force of all the European States is not always clearly superior to the force of one. Louis XIV. and Napoleon were humbled with the greatest possible difficulty, and we begin to doubt at the present day whether Europe could effectively resist united Germany, if Germany should enter upon a path of ambition. It is evident that the course of international justice can never be irresistible so long as States have standing armies. The right of levying troops must belong to the Federation, and it must be denied to the States. The State is the feudal lord of modern Europe; the reign of anarchy will never be brought to a close until the State is forbidden to keep armed retainers.

I am fortunate in having an audience that is bound to listen to speculations which perhaps most English audiences would find insufferably fanciful. Europe constituted into a single State, with a Federal executive and legislature, located in some central Washington! Famous States like England and France forbidden to levy soldiers, and slowly shrinking into counties beside the Federation, which steadily grows in majesty, and constantly absorbs by its gravitation the genius and ambition that were attached before to the different national governments! Such a revolution in human affairs, I am perfectly well aware, has scarcely ever been witnessed.

But it has not been my purpose hitherto to discuss whether these changes are practicable or impracticable; I am addressing those who have decided for themselves that war both must and can be abolished. Whether you are right or not in thinking so is a separate question. What I have attempted to show is, that the abolition of war absolutely requires and involves certain vast political changes in Europe, and that it is only possible if they are possible. If I have thought it worth

while to go into some detail about these changes, it is not in order that we may instantly set about the task, but that we may count the cost of it; it is that both you who are members of the Peace Society, and we who are not, may have some just measure of the work that is either to be undertaken or to be abandoned in despair. Nevertheless it will be worth while, in conclusion, briefly to review the difficulties of the task on the one side, and on the other the forces, instruments, and appliances which a party undertaking it would command.

First, then, it is to be noted, that if the Americans have achieved what is here proposed for Europe, they did so in circumstances infinitely more favourable. In fact, it may be said that the Federation was given to them by Providence, and that their achievement consisted in preventing it from falling to pieces. The problem proposed to them was, not to bring together different nations that had before been separate and mutually hostile, but to arrest a tendency to separation and dissolution which was beginning to show itself in a population homogeneous and united by language, institutions, and religion. If it is a masterpiece to have solved even this problem, what would it be to yoke together indissolubly so many rival races and rival states and rival religions, the Englishman and the Frenchman, the German and the Slave, the German and Italian! What would it be to find a federal name which should fall like a covering upon so many secular discords, and hide at once so many inveterate wounds; to reconcile in one act all the most rooted antipathies, to unite in common political action the subjects of a Czar, of a Kaiser, of a Constitutional Queen, and of a Swiss Republic; to accustom to familiar intercourse those whom difference of speech has so long made barbarians to each other? Nations that were united have before now been sundered by differences of religion; it has been hard to hold together nations that were in different stages of development; bitter jealousies have sprung out of

different economical conditions; rival languages have caused the greatest embarrassments to governments; and the Federation of Europe is a work which must be accomplished, and when accomplished maintained, in spite not of one of these obstacles, but of all of them together.

Beside this intrinsic difficulty, the mere magnitude of the undertaking is an unimportant consideration. Yet how vast an enterprise merely to persuade so many populations of the desirableness of federation!—to create in each European State a federal party large enough to procure a hearing for the scheme, large enough in process of time to enlist the nation in its cause, large enough in the end to impose the measure upon governments that would in many cases be from instinctive interest bitterly hostile to it! But, in fact, it is hardly worth while to insist upon difficulties which no one can overlook. The difficulties we all of us see only too clearly, or rather too exclusively. The question rather is, why should they not at once be voted insurmountable?

In the first place, then, there is no question of realizing such a scheme at once or soon. If only it be true that the scheme would be infinitely beneficial to an infinite number of people, it may be assumed that the lapse of time will remove most of the difficulties that are caused by the mere multitude and inertia or indifference of those who are to be convinced. It is but to spread a new conviction over Europe. Such a thing has been done more than once before, and that when circumstances seemed even less favourable. New religious convictions passed with inconceivable rapidity over Europe in the sixteenth century; popular principles of government have spread over the greater part of Europe since 1789; who does not believe that federation too will have its day? Who doubts that this idea will some time or other come home to every heart, and be universally accepted—*sic volvere Parcas*? And if so, it depends surely in a great degree upon human zeal and energy how near that

time is. It may be a long voyage that has to be made, but it is a voyage with wind and tide, the steady wind and irresistible tide of manifest destiny. In the next place, it is a mere misconception to judge of the possibility of a work merely by considering the weight to be moved; what has to be considered, is the proportion between the weight and the power. If a vast work is an impossible work, then the federation of Europe is of course impossible, and so were the cutting of the Suez Canal and the laying down of the Atlantic Cable. But if vast works may be reasonably expected from vast powers, then those who have vast powers at command may attempt schemes more astonishing than that of Columbus, without a particle of that visionary and romantic enthusiasm which in Columbus was only justified by success. The projectors of the Atlantic Cable never, as far as I remember, endangered their characters for discretion and sober-mindedness. Such a scheme as the federation of Europe might perhaps be worth a little of the enthusiasm that refuses to see difficulties, and will see nothing but the infinite desirableness of the end to be attained. Such enthusiasm it would no doubt have required in past times; but are not the conditions changed? When we suffer ourselves to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the weight to be moved, do we sufficiently consider the leverage that is at hand to move it?

As I have explained that the federation wanted is not merely an arrangement between governments, but a real union of peoples, so I think it can never be attained by mere diplomatic methods, or by the mere action of governments, but only by a universal popular movement. Now a hundred years ago such a popular movement, extending over Europe, was barely conceivable, but in the present day nothing is more easy to conceive. Such popular movements are just what the age understands. Scarcely any country in Europe but has been, sometime in this century, the scene of some great agitation, where some political reform, that was after-

wards carried out by statesmen, was preached by great popular orators, and welcomed by the multitude. Over almost all the space between the scenes of O'Connell's and of Kossuth's triumphs the popular agitator has been abroad, and the people have learned the art of expressing their wishes, and in many countries also of expressing them with moderation. They have learnt how to agitate for definite changes, and to do so successfully, even when the changes they called for required in the execution machinery quite beyond the comprehension of most of the agitators. What is required, therefore, is not anything new in kind; it is but a movement such as every population in Europe has had experience of; a movement new only in being extensive beyond precedent, in including many nations at once, and therefore in demanding more careful guidance. And for an unprecedented movement you can surely furnish unprecedented motives. The evil you attack is no doubtful one, no partial one, no small one. It is the greatest evil of evils that we can conceive to be remedied; it attacks all classes of society, and all ages; it attacks them with no insidious weapons, and under no disguise, but with open massacre, starvation, and ruin. It calls the more urgently to be remedied, because it seems to be growing worse. Wars seem growing more frightful and more gigantic; the more victories the nationality principle wins, the nearer we seem to approach a period of energetic popular states waging war upon each other with the unrelieved fierceness of national antipathy. Had ever popular orators a better subject for their speeches? What was Catholic Emancipation, what were the Corn-laws, nay, what was the Slave-trade, compared to this? Would it be hard to excite a European movement against a mischief from which no one is safe, which threatens every man's life, and every man's children's lives, and which brings in its train not only death but a host of other evils, some of them, perhaps, worse than death?

Again, there have been in this age great political movements and great

religious movements. Countries in which the political consciousness has remained undeveloped, often have the religious consciousness in full vigour; and in individuals, too, the one is often to be found where the other is wanting. Now, there is just one question in which politics and religion absolutely merge, and are confounded. Religious feelings and political feelings are equally outraged by war. War tramples on the sense of right and wrong, and on the precepts of Christianity, as mercilessly as it crushes the physical happiness of individuals. And on this matter there are no sectarian divisions among Christians. One sect of Christians may denounce war more energetically than another; some sects may pronounce it justifiable for Christians to engage in it; but all alike regard war as an evil, all alike regard it as among the greatest of the future triumphs of the faith to exterminate war out of the world. In this matter all the great divisions of Christianity have something to boast of. The Greek Church protested vehemently against it, even in the darkest ages; the Latin Church furnished the first example of that federation of Europe, and that international court, by which the appeal to arms must be superseded; it was a Protestant sect that first made Peace the first of Christian dogmas, it was in the bosom of Protestantism that the great Republic of the West grew up and prospered. If Christianity did in a manner reconcile itself to war, it was mainly for want of a machinery which could ensure peace: had the politicians been able to devise such machinery, religion would long ago have made an end of war within Christendom. In considering, then, the leverage which is at your command, you are to add the engine of religious agitation to that of political, and, besides appealing to the plainest interests of men, may reckon also among your resources the religion and the conscience of humanity.

Might you not also enlist in your cause the aggrieved races of Europe? All the grievances of races spring out

of war, are perpetuated by it, and would perish with it. In the American Union, not only does one State not wage war with another, but no State holds a neighbour State in unjust dependence. There is no Poland in the Union, no Alsace and Lorraine. If any State there feels itself aggrieved, the injury came from the whole Federation, and can never be felt so keenly as an injustice. No State can reasonably complain of having to submit to the Federation, any more than a township or county resents the superiority of the State. Russia has no right to Poland, yet Russia cannot and will not yield Poland unless Poland can procure some unlooked-for ally. Europe has many of these chronic and incurable wrongs, and is just now increasing the number of them. They are incidents of the abusive system which nourishes the ambition and keeps alive the fears of States; they are results of war. In a federated Europe Poland and Russia might lie side by side like Maryland and Virginia, and the old international feud would come to seem an inexplicable and inconceivable feeling. Meanwhile, the prospect of a federation seems to offer to the Poles a solution of their difficulty. They might cease to claim their old independence—an independence which they forfeited by their own divisions, and which Russia can never grant—and they might become instead the apostles of a federation of Europe, in the attainment of which, along with all the traces of the old European anarchy, their own sufferings and wrongs would pass away.

It is evident, I think, that the forces at command are greater than were ever

before invoked to achieve political change. Universal and pressing interest, religious feeling, the hopes of aggrieved races—these are great powers. And is not that which calls itself the Revolution in Europe bound also to promote the cause? Popular principles are nothing, or perhaps worse than nothing, without European principles; the liberty of peoples is nothing without their solidarity. Popular states fight more terrible wars than monarchical or aristocratical ones; it is therefore doubly necessary that they should federate themselves. The Republican party says much of its devotion to peace; it is bound, therefore, to do its part towards confirming peace by solid guarantees.

Such powers may be found more than a match for the centrifugal forces, the differences of language, of institutions, of economical condition, of religions. All these discrepancies have somewhere been overcome. Prussia has a Protestant region and a Catholic region. Different languages are united in Switzerland; different nationalities and even different governments in Austria-Hungary. The difficulties, in short, are unprecedented only in number and degree; they would certainly be insurmountable if the advantages of union were only moderate; it remains to be seen whether they would be insurmountable to a European public opinion gradually educated to see before it a new Federation rising like a majestic temple over the tomb of war, emulating the transatlantic Federation in prosperity and unity, but surpassing it far in all the riches of culture, manners, and science, and consecrated with all the traditions and reliques of the ancient world.

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